The Nation.

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The Week.

THE adoption of the free-wool clause in the House on Thursday by a strict party vote shows that, whatever else may or may not come out of the tariff struggle, free wool is certain to come. If that should turn out to be the only thing gained, it alone would be worth the long fight. It would be worth it because it of itself would be certain in the near future to bring the whole high-tariff system to the ground. The Republican champions have taken their stand on the wool tax, and if they are beaten there, they are beaten everywhere, and they know it. The rest is only a question of detail and of time. In the matter of the tax on wool, protection has ceased to be a faith and become a superstition. It now has all the marks of blind fanaticism, refusing to trust the evidence of the senses and believing all the more firmly after belief has been demonstrated to be irrational—on the old principle, *credo quia impossibile*. Judge Lawrence, in his recent annual address to the Ohio wool-growers, tearfully declared that wool was now selling at "the lowest rates ever known in this country," but in the same breath called for "a gradual annual increase of duties" to "give such protection as would in four years enable American wool-growers to supply all needed and import none." He said he had thought the McKinley increase in duties would do the business, but had found that a mistake, as wool had simply gone lower than ever before. Now he is prophetically certain that another increase, or at any rate a "gradual annual increase," will raise prices. This is fetishism pure and simple. It is worse than fetishism, for we are sure that no savage would keep on offering rice and bananas to a totem-post that had proved itself so thorough a fraud as Judge Lawrence's wool tax has, by his own confession.

The wool-manufacturers, on their part, have been led away by the same superstition. They have tied themselves up with the wool-growers in an alliance that has been not only unholy, but, what is far worse from their point of view, unprofitable. As Mr. Edward D. Page proves in the *Wool and Cotton Reporter*, they have been completely hoodwinked by the theory of compensatory duties on their product to make up for the duty on raw wool, and have been more and more disabling themselves from making goods to compete with the foreign manufacturers either in quality or price. His conclusion is that every manufacturer ought to be glad to welcome "a system whose tendency is rather to induce men to rely upon economy, ability, and skill than to lean on the operation of the law in obtaining a profit." Against the doleful predictions of our Dolans and Norths, he very neatly sets off the dire forecast of Abbott Lawrence, who said in 1846, in regard to the reduced duties of the Walker tariff:

> "In less than twelve months after this new plan shall have been in operation, this whole country will be literally surfeited with foreign merchandise; we shall then owe a debt abroad of millions of dollars, . . . and a paralysis will have struck the business of the country."

Yet the increase of woollen manufactures in Massachusetts was 61 per cent. under that ruin-dealing tariff.

The proposition of Mr. Walker of Massachusetts, as developed in his debate with Mr. Bourke Cockran, is that if cotton and woollen goods should fall like rain from heaven in sufficient quantities to supply all our wants, it would not be worth our while to pick them up. On the contrary, it would be an injury to us. Why so? Because those who are now engaged in making cotton and woollen goods would be out of employment. They would get their own share of the shower, of course, but as they could not eat cottons or woollens they would starve to death. So there you are, floundering in a heap of goods that cost nothing, but with famine on every hand. The theory of the tariff party is, that we all ought to pay (say) 60 per cent. extra for woollen goods in order that the weavers and other workers in woollens may make a fair living. But if divine Providence should send us all the woollens we need for nothing, could we not afford to pay these people enough to board the weavers and their families at the best hotels in the country? Should we not save money by the operation? The Walker theory is as applicable to one kind of goods as to another. According to his notion we should all be ruined, in an economical sense, if all our wants of every kind and description were supplied gratuitously. We can imagine Mr. Walker remonstrating with Providence after each addition to the list of free goods. After a heavy downpour of flour and sugar he would see nothing but poverty and distress among the agricultural classes. If boots and shoes should come next, all the tanners and shoemakers would be ruined, and so on until everybody would be in the poorhouse because nobody would be in want of anything. Great is Protection!

The votes taken in the House on Monday by which sugar was made absolutely free of tax and the American people delivered from the payment of bounties on its production, may or may not be reversed by subsequent action. All these votes taken in committee of the whole are liable to be reversed in the House when the yeas and nays are called. It is difficult to say which side ought to prevail. On the one hand, it may be affirmed that bounties paid out of the public treasury to particular trades are contrary to all principles of justice, and that a gratuity collected from wheat-growers who are getting only fifty cents per bushel in order to give sugar-growers two cents per pound more than they would get in a free market, is a glaring outrage. It certainly looks so, and is perhaps intensified when coupled with it is a disguised bounty to the refiners who formed a Trust by means of which they doubled their capital by a stroke of the pen, and proceeded to pay dividends of 21 per cent. on their shares so capitalized. At the other end of the line is a handful of sugar-planters in Louisiana and Texas, by no means so hard pressed as the farmers of the North, who are receiving $10,000,000 per annum in the way of bonus for growing sugar-cane, and the only reason that can be given for paying this bonus to them is that they formerly had it under the form of a protective tariff. When the McKinley bill removed the duty from raw sugar and substituted a bounty in place of it, the mask was thrown off and the nature of the protective tariff disclosed. The sugar-planters begged that this change be not made, because, they said, the people would not allow the bounty to continue long. They would "see through it," although they could not see through the tariff, and when they should see through it, they would stop it peremptorily. This anticipation has now been realized, and it is most likely that the House will ratify the action of the committee of the whole. The votes on sugar and on wool prove that the party is more radical than the committee.

Those silly bankers and investors who hurried off their letters and telegrams to Washington and subscribed for Secretary Carlisle's loan four times over must now feel thoroughly alarmed. It was somewhat staggering to hear so promptly from the Knights of Labor that the issue of bonds was illegal and would be fought in the courts. This was poohpoohed by some thoughtless persons, but what will they now have left to say? Senator Quay ranges himself alongside the legal luminaries of the Populists, and warns the "takers of the loan" that the "securities go out

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under a cloud, and that their redemption will be an important political issue in the future." Does this mean that a bondholder's political affiliations will be rigidly inquired into before he gets his interest? Will Mr. Quay, if made secretary of the treasury in the next Administration, refuse to "take the lid off," in the good old Pennsylvania fashion, to pay for nefarious Democratic bonds? It is possible that he might consent to compromise and pay all bonds printed from the plates prepared by President Harrison, when, as Secretary Foster told "Deacon" White, an issue of bonds was decided upon at the end of 1892. This is the only ray of light we now see for the unfortunate subscribers.

The Hawaiian Oligarchs give signs of uneasiness at the anomalous kind of government they are presenting to the world, and report that they are soon going to launch a constitutional republic. If they had done this, or pretended to do it, a year ago, they would have saved a vast amount of trouble to themselves and all concerned. The lapse of twelve months has not made the problem any easier. As to their new constitution, they are, of course, simply going to "proclaim" that. They gravely tell us that "no constitution in Hawaii has ever been submitted to a vote of the people, but simply proclaimed by the executive authority," and they mean to follow that precedent. It was treason for the Queen to try to do it last January, to be sure, but probably no one will remember that, and, anyhow, the real question is whether you are in favor of chastity and against the *Kahunas*. The Queen's doctrine was the monstrous one of "Hawaii for the Hawaiians," but this is now to give way to the truer motto, "Hawaii for the Americans," and the necessary hocus-pocus for disfranchising the natives and putting all political power in the hands of foreigners, by blood or citizenship, is now under way in the minds of the men who went to Hawaii with empires in their brains. They are a queer lot, and it will be an interesting thing to see how they get on. All that we ask now is that they shall not be put in the position of helping to govern us.

The petition of 8,000 legal voters of Hawaii, out of 13,000 all told, asking the United States to restore them the government which was struck down a year ago by a conspiracy of aliens acting with the United States minister, is a singularly ill-timed and ineffective document. We know that all these voters are "drunken and lewd," for the Rev. Sereno Bishop has so informed us. He admits that they are in a majority in the Islands, but when a majority is drunken and lewd, it doesn't count. Then these petitioners have apparently made the great mistake of supposing that the Republican party is in power. If it were, it would, of course, jump at the chance of living up to its historic doctrine that a black man's vote is as good as a white man's, and that the majority must rule, even if the minority has more intelligence and property. How foolish to expect a Democratic administration to proceed upon these Republican principles! Moreover, these petitioners come here after the *Tribune* has already decided that Hawaii is a "prosperous and independent republic." How could that be true if the majority of the people do not even want a republic? Really, these 8,000 petitioners are displaying a pitiable want of grasp of the situation.

The last batch of the Hawaiian correspondence is rather entertaining. Dole wrote, December 27, a letter evidently intended for the public here, pretending to believe that Willis's "attitude, language, and refusal to disclose," etc., led to the conclusion that he was going to use force to restore the Queen. The consequence was, he said, "threats of assassination against the officers of the Government," "conspiracies to create disorder," great anxiety among "aged and sick persons" and "children in the schools," and "apprehension" among "wives, sisters, and daughters," great "packing of valuables," and offers of asylum by Japanese to "unprotected women," and great "preparation of bandages," besides "agitating rumors," and an expensive increase of the military force on the part of the Government. There was much more of the same sort. In fact, Dole gave Willis to understand that he (Dole) was preparing to fight the United States, and wanted an explanation of Willis's hostile designs. Willis happily proved equal to the occasion. He asked Dole for a categorical explanation of the various phrases in which he described the causes of his apprehensions. Dole was cornered. He wrote saying that "the last mail had removed his fears, and further correspondence was unnecessary," but "was ready to furnish specifications" if Willis "still desired them." But Willis did desire them, and clung to him for an explanation. He then got another letter, not signed, from "the minister of foreign affairs," informing him that he "would not press him further for answer to his questions." Willis insisted, but at the departure of the mail had got no answer. There is no answer. The "minister of foreign affairs" was writing merely to stir up the people of the United States. The "missionary element" is full of these tricks.

The horror excited by Queen Liliuokalani's assertion that the provisional government ought to have their heads cut off and their property confiscated as the punishment of their treason, is very funny, considering that this is the penalty for treason in every country in the world except our own. We do not confiscate property, but in all other countries, especially the semi-barbarous ones like Turkey, on a level with which we might place Hawaii, they either hang traitors or cut off their heads. In proposing this penalty, therefore, the Queen was strictly within her right, and so was the *World* of this city in proposing that the provisional government should now cut off her head for plotting against them. All the emperors and kings hang or behead their defeated rebels, and the provisional government was doubtless afraid of something of the kind when it got Stevens to land the *Boston's* troops. Of course we ought to prevent any such barbarity, if we have the power, for we have got over the pristine habit of killing traitors by judicial sentence; but it is not discreditable to the Queen, as a semi-barbarian, to want to do the usual thing to her enemies. We must remember how many of us wanted to "hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree," and how many good people in England want to hang Gladstone. The late Prof. Tyndall said he "deserved a traitor's doom" on Tower Hill.

President Cleveland's reasons for vetoing the North River Bridge bill cannot fail to strike even the advocates of the measure as fair and well grounded. He points out that the company asking for permission to construct the bridge was created by an act of the New York Legislature, in which it was expressly provided that the bridge should be constructed with a single span, with no pier or tower in the river; that an act of Congress, passed in 1890, granting permission for the construction of a bridge near Twenty-third street, had a like provision; that in all bills for bridges over the same river, many of which have been considered in Congress, the same provision was considered by engineering authorities to be necessary; that if the present bill were to become a law, with permission to place a pier in the river, it would carry with it also permission to the company having the grant for a bridge near Twenty-third Street to place a pier at that point; and, finally, that engineers, whose judgment upon the matter cannot be questioned, including the engineer of the company proposing to construct this bridge, have expressed the opinion that a pier is not necessary, and that a bridge can be constructed with a span over the entire distance. The latter point ought to be accepted as conclusive. If the bridge can be constructed without a pier, the company ought at once to renew its application with the objection-

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able pier clause eliminated. In that way it would demonstrate its sincerity conclusively. We do not for a moment believe that the President has been animated in his disapproval of the measure by any feeling except regard for the public interest. Throughout his public career, as Mayor, Governor, and President, his use of the veto power has been uniformly wise, fearless, and completely removed from all taint of partisanship, personal prejudice, or demagogy.

The dispute over the World's Fair medal is another instance of the mess our Government makes of it every time it attempts to deal with matters of art. It blundered outrageously about the new coinage a few years ago, and the result is our present wonderful quarter. It always produces the worst building and the worst decoration, the worst postage-stamp and the worst Treasury note, to be had for money. Now it has insulted one of the most eminent artists in the country by rejecting as "vulgar" an eminently proper and eminently beautiful design, because it represented Young America as a vigorous, nude youth. We are used to the occasional outbreaks of prudery which lead young men in the West to deface paintings by Bouguereau, and matrons of Philadelphia to protest against the exhibition of pictures by Low and Harrison, but when the Government proceeds, publicly and before the nations, to follow in the same train, it is trying to the nerves. If the effect of free importation of works of art shall be to insert some knowledge of the subject into the skulls of our rulers, that alone is a reason for the speedy passage of the Wilson bill; but if the gentlemen who have been busy in this matter are fair representatives of the Senate to which they belong, we fear there is little hope for the artists when the bill comes before that body. They evidently want no art at all, domestic or foreign, in anything with which they have to do.

The downfall of Talmage is an encouraging sign of the times. We say downfall, because his resignation is nothing else than a confession of his failure. He leaves the Brooklyn Tabernacle simply because he cannot make it pay its running expenses. Last year he "praised God, from whom all blessings flow," that the plumbers, and carpenters, and gas-fitters who had bills for work and materials consented to accept twenty-three per cent. of their claims when they found they could not get any more. This year there must be a reckoning with Russell Sage, who made the concern a large loan on which the interest has not been paid, and who never compromises on any 23 per cent. basis. No way appears of meeting his demands, even with Talmage as an advertising card, and so Talmage retires, leaving his people to struggle with the problem of the great structure which he had built for his especial exhibition. That clerical mountebankery no longer pays is made clear by this Brooklyn experience, and all right-thinking persons will rejoice over the fact. Talmage's thanks to the newspapers are most appropriate, for without their help he must have broken down long ago.

There is more fear of war in Europe now than there has been for many years, certainly than since 1887. The appearance of the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean in considerable force is, as has been said by a high authority, the most serious event for England since Trafalgar, and the disturbances in Sicily are supposed to be not remotely connected with it. In fact, Italy, as a member of the Triple Alliance, seems to be all but paralyzed. She has an army of the required size, but, owing to lack of money, both organization and equipment are defective. The best authorities are of opinion that half the force in good condition would be more valuable. The finances, too, are in terrible disorder, and an outbreak of hostilities would bring on instant bankruptcy. The hostility of the French press to England is so furious and outspoken that it is a question in London whether the trouble may not begin by a summons to evacuate Egypt, which England would certainly disregard. This makes the relations of England to the Triple Alliance very interesting, but nobody seems to know what they are, although there is much speculation about them. The Germans could give very little help at sea, but they could frighten France a good deal on land, although both they and the Austrians would have a powerful Russian army on their hands on the eastern frontier. It is, however, more than likely that if England were attacked, Germany and Austria would be pleased to see her fight it out single-handed. On the Continent England's success in keeping out of international complications excites anything but admiration and good will. For England herself war just now would be particularly inconvenient, for the revenue is decreasing, and there is a heavy deficit this year, and there will have to be a loan to strengthen the navy.

There is already trouble with the South African Chartered Company. Mr. Rhodes, who got the company up and obtained its charter, organized the expedition into Mashonaland which beat the Matabeles. He has views of his own about the manner in which the new territory, which is immense in extent, should be settled and organized, and they differ considerably in some respects from those of the Government at home. Rhodes, however, has, since his victories over the Matabeles, become a great hero in the eyes of the Cape Colonists, and his success has doubtless done much to turn his head, or, as our slang would say, to enlarge it. Accordingly he has made a speech in which he substantially bids defiance to the home Government, and says that if they do not let him have his way, they may have to face an agitation for the independence of the Cape Colony. This has roused much indignation in England, and the *Economist* points out to Mr. Rhodes that his conquests were made by him not as a Cape Colonist, for the Cape Colony declined the job, but as president of a company chartered by Great Britain, and of which the stockholders are mainly Englishmen, and as a British citizen; that his enormous financial speculations are not yet a success, and that he had better keep a civil tongue in his head. This is all true, but why it should trouble Rhodes we do not well see. There is no doubt that if he got up a determined movement for separation at the Cape, the mother country could hardly resist it. It would be impossible to conquer South Africa and hold it, and if Rhodes were to attempt separation, of course he would be content to let his British citizenship go. Moreover, although it is true that his stockholders are Englishmen, it is also true that he has got and spent their money. It does not help Rhodes in England to have given $50,000 to Parnell for the home-rule agitation.

The professed purpose of the warring factions in Brazil is to "tire each other out." If the process is going on with them as fast as with the rest of the world, the end cannot be far away. It is now about four months since the fleet rebelled under Admiral Mello. The revolutionists no doubt expected that all would be over in twenty-four hours, and that Peixoto would step down and out just as Fonseca had before him. But the President was too obstinate an old soldier to give it up in that fashion, and his stubborn holding out made it necessary for the rebels to recast their plans entirely. Everything now points to their having determined to land a respectable body of troops near the capital and have the thing out in a decisive engagement. It certainly is time that some more deadly implement of war should be brought into use than the cable and rumors via Paris or Lisbon. We are glad to note, by the way, that the Brazilian minister to this country has at last abandoned the pretence that Mr. Flint's wonderful fighting-vessels were ever intended to fight at all. They are now simply going to "sail off and on" and fall furiously upon any transport that comes their way. Those ships, it is now clear, were made not to fight but to sell.

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THE NEW BOND ISSUE.

If it be true, as the Washington despatches intimate, that the judiciary committee of the House intends to report a resolution contesting the right of the secretary of the treasury to use any money derived from the sale of bonds for current expenses, we hope that the wise men on that committee will consider all the laws on the statute-book before reaching a conclusion. One of these laws, approved May 31, 1878, is as follows.

"That from and after the passage of this act it shall not be lawful for the secretary of the treasury or other officer under him to cancel or retire any more of the United States legal-tender notes. And when any of said notes may be redeemed or be received into the treasury under any law from any source whatever, and shall belong to the United States, they shall not be retired, cancelled, or destroyed, but they *shall be reissued and paid out again and kept in circulation.*"

The significance of this law, taken in connection with the greenback-redemption law, is this: If the secretary were a great stickler for forms, and if he believed that he had no right to use any part of the gold reserve for the payment of current expenses, he would make an arrangement with some bank to present, say, $5,000,000 in greenbacks for redemption at the sub-treasury. For these he would, of course, hand over $5,000,000 of gold. Then he would pay out the $5,000,000 of greenbacks for his current expenses. The law not only authorizes but requires him to do so. It says that the notes "*shall be* reissued and paid out again and kept in circulation." Reference to the date of this law will show that it was passed in contemplation of the resumption of specie payments, then only seven months distant.

Now, what difference does it make whether the secretary redeems $5,000,000 of greenbacks per month with gold, and uses the former for current expenses, or whether he uses the gold directly? The one process calls for a little more trouble than the other, but not much more. Any bank, or any individual, for that matter, can present greenbacks and get gold, and then turn the gold over to a third person (for example, a Government creditor), on the very counter of the sub-treasury. A clerk of the Treasury Department could do this without violating any law, and could thus comply with the letter of the statute. The difference between this method and the direct payment of gold for current expenses is hardly so great as that 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

There is another case of a like nature that the judiciary committee might report on while it has this weighty matter under consideration. The original greenback law (February 25, 1862) provided that all duties on imported goods should be paid in coin. That law has never been changed to this hour, yet greenbacks have been received for duties ever since specie payments were resumed. Why so? Because it was putting people to useless trouble to compel an importer to take greenbacks to the sub-treasury and draw gold, and then carry the gold to the cashier of the custom-house, who must return it to the sub-treasury the same day. All such idle steps are nonsense.

It is unfortunate that the law under which Secretary Carlisle is compelled to act in issuing bonds does not authorize a low rate of interest, say 3 per cent. At the time when the law was passed (1870) 5 per cent. was reckoned a low rate even for a Government bond, and 4½ per cent. was considered by good judges the lowest possible rate. When it was proposed by the House to put the rate down to 4 per cent. for the entire issue, Senator Sherman said that that would be equivalent to killing the whole refunding scheme, and that he would abandon it if such an amendment were adopted. A compromise was reached, by which the then existing debt, as it matured, could be refunded at 5, 4½, or 4 per cent., according to the state of the money market. When the specie-resumption act was passed five years later, it authorized the secretary of the treasury to "issue, sell, and dispose of, at not less than par in coin, either of the descriptions of bonds of the United States described in the act of Congress approved July 14, 1870." Under the provisions of that act Secretary Sherman sold new bonds to the amount of $95,500,000 gold, and held the money for the redemption of greenbacks. About two weeks before the date fixed for resumption, the gold premium disappeared, and the "Gold Room," the place where that metal had been bought and sold for nearly seventeen years, was closed for want of business. Consequently, when resumption day came, nobody drew any gold from the Treasury, because anybody who wanted gold could get it more easily from his own banker.

The authority given in the act of 1875 was a continuing authority. It prescribed the duties of the secretary "on and after the first day of January, anno domini 1879." It would have been absurd, of course, to provide for resumption at a fixed time and make no provision for future contingencies. There might have been a run on the Treasury, and the resumption fund might have been all drawn out. In fact, a great many people in the high circles of finance expected this very thing. It would have been a ridiculous plight for the Government if, in such a case, the secretary had had no resource, but must needs shut his doors and acknowledge bankruptcy. The Congress which passed the resumption act did not have overmuch faith in the outcome of its own action, but it could not and did not stultify itself by withholding from the secretary any means at its disposal. The faith and credit of the United States were pledged to the fullest extent and the last extremity, and that pledge remains to this day in full force and vigor.

The reason why Secretary Carlisle offers the 5 per cent. bonds described in the act of 1870 instead of the 4½s or the 4s, is that they have the shortest time to run, *i. e.*, ten years. It is easy to compute the price at which these bonds ought to sell in order to be equal to a 3 per cent. bond running the same length of time. The secretary finds it to be 117.223. Every 5 per cent. bond for $1,000 therefore must bring to the Treasury not less than $1,172.23. But the human mind is so constituted that although the 5 per cent. bond at 117.223 and the 3 per cent. bond at par are the same thing in an economical sense, nine men out of ten will not only prefer the latter, but will pay a considerable bonus for it. The premium of 17 per cent. which is required for the 5 per cent. bond will deter many bankers from bidding. The reason for this is that they have some doubt whether the next comer will pay this premium. Experience has taught them that the public do not like to pay premiums, and, as bankers usually buy in order to sell again, they take this psychological fact into account. Probably the Government could save one-quarter or one-half per cent. per annum in the rate of interest, for the whole ten years, if it were not for this premium. In other words, the Government could sell a 2½ or 2¾ per cent. bond at par as easily as a 5 per cent. bond at 117.223. The premium is a bugbear, but everybody knows that bugbears have a commercial standing. They count for something in the world of finance.

Nobody is to be blamed for this uneconomical arrangement except Congress. This body might pass a law of five lines merely amending the acts of 1875 and 1870, saying that instead of the bonds described therein the secretary may sell others drawing interest at 3, 2¾, and 2½ per cent., payable at the pleasure of the United States after two years and redeemable after ten years. But Congress, apparently, will do nothing of the kind. The secretary of the treasury must do the best he can with an antiquated law. Apparently he will have no difficulty in negotiating the present loan, even on the awkward terms to which he is limited, but Uncle Sam will pay something extra by reason thereof.

SOME HAWAIIAN ODDITIES.

We recommend for the instruction of our readers Mr. Pierce's account, in his 'Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner,' of the use made of the navy to aid Gen. Grant in securing the annexation of St. Domingo. No one who reads it can help being struck by its remarkable resemblance to the attempt of Stevens to get possession of Hawaii. Put "the missionary element" in the place of Baez, Stevens in the place of Babcock, and you

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have a singular parallel. Of course Gen. Grant's attempt was made on a greater scale, and in a bolder way, because he was a greater personage than any of those concerned in the attempt against Hawaii; but his methods were precisely the same. To crown all, Senator Morton defended the scheme in the Senate on the well-known plan which we venture to call the dog-and-the-sausages plan. A certain man bet that his dog would eat five dollars' worth of sausages within an hour. Finding the animal's appetite failing before his task was accomplished, he stimulated it by keeping another dog in a leash near by, and allowing him to make occasional dashes at the sausages. This never failed. We in like manner, when about to swallow any little island or dependency for which the American public seems to have no appetite, always try to rouse it by pretending that England, or some other power, is after it.

Mr. Pierce says: "Sumner completed his speech on the second day and was followed by Morton, who maintained that the acquisition was desirable as the key to the West Indies, and that if not made by the United States, England and France would shortly have the prize. This is a familiar argument in such cases, but an interval of twenty years has shown that in this instance it was misapplied." The annexationists are very strong on "keys." They never want to seize anything that is not "the key" to something else. Hawaii, for instance, is "the key to the Pacific." It is impossible to convince them that no island can be "the key" to anything unless you have a navy big enough to defend it against all comers. The only key in the world to sea-surrounded places is a huge navy.

This is a very curious and interesting feature of the controversy, because it is entirely in a line with other attempts to regulate American policy by foreign opinion. All through the tariff discussions we have been invited by the high protectionists, instead of considering, with the aid of facts and figures, what best suits our own interests, to watch foreign emotions, and to be guided in our legislation by English joy or sorrow. If the English showed sorrow over anything we were doing, we were to keep at it; if, on the contrary, they rejoiced over it, we were to change our course, and the American public were invited to study not their own organs of opinion, but the London *Times* and *Economist*, in order to make up their minds about domestic legislation.

There is a somewhat similar confusion of ideas about the support of the Government in dealing with foreign questions. It is a fixed idea, with a certain class of publicists among us, that in any controversy with a foreign power our own Government should be supported, whether it be right or wrong. That is to say, that any political adventurer like Blaine, who scrambles into the State Department, is at liberty to get up with foreigners disputes, born, it may be, of ignorance as much as of unscrupulousness, which shall silence completely the conscience and morality of the public, while he prepares the army and navy for some deed of villany or absurdity. This theory was first started in order to silence the anti-slavery men's protests against the Mexican war, but happily the best portion of the American people has never accepted it. In spite of occasional aberrations, our Government has for a century continued to make valuable contributions to international morality by doing as it would be done by to all nations.

But the "our country, right or wrong" theory has been and is held with great tenacity by nearly the whole body of politicians and by certain newspapers, among others the New York *Tribune*, the chief organ of the Republican party. This organ held, in the Bering Sea controversy, for instance, that, although there might be no international law prohibiting pelagic seal-killing, it was open to us, or any one nation, to draw down from heaven or out of our own moral consciousness a rule for the purpose, which, willy-nilly, should bind the human race; and it preached with great vehemence the doctrine that any newspaper which said nay to this was "a bad American." But in the Hawaiian controversy it has abandoned its own principles in a very amusing way, for it has for weeks and months loaded the President of the United States with the foulest abuse, on behalf of a foreign government of very recent origin and at least doubtful antecedents, has advised it to fight him, and has treated his envoys as liars and knaves and fools. There is nothing in recent political literature which can equal the scurrility which this American newspaper has heaped on its own Government for taking a course in a diplomatic matter which had all the marks of good faith, and could not possibly be charged with anything but blundering. Any foreigner who got from the *Tribune* his conceptions of the American President and his advisers, might fairly conclude that he was the head of a huge band of brigands. This has been the more extraordinary because the director of this organ has himself represented the country abroad, and was supposed to have learned, during his brief term of office, the lesson of fidelity to his own Government. But there is in him now not a trace of official propriety, and he rages against his country just as if he were a missionary's son denouncing the Queen.

THE NOMINATION OF MR. PECKHAM.

MR. CLEVELAND'S nomination of Wheeler H. Peckham for the Supreme bench shows that he is becoming something like his old self again, or, in other words, that he has entered on the policy with which he should have begun his administration. He was not elected as a conciliator or restorer of "harmony," or as an expert political manager. He was nominated and elected, in the teeth of extraordinary opposition on the part of all the politicians, as an honest and courageous man. It was his tariff message, and his silver letter, and his vetoes which made him a second time President of the United States. Both letter and message were, from the politician's point of view, the height of folly, but the people love a man who is not afraid.

That he should have forgotten this when he took office was surprising, but forget it he apparently did. Although before the election he refused to submit to Tammany dictation, after the election he apparently lost heart, and got it into his head that by some sort of contrivance he might be the means of healing the Democratic dissensions in this State and getting the party to present a united front to the enemy. There is no other way of accounting for his manner of filling the postmastership of this city—a terrible descent from the appointment of Pearson in 1885—and his long delay in filling the district attorneyship here and in Brooklyn, and the naval office and surveyorship in the custom-house, for his open cessation of intercourse or consultation with the anti-snappers who elected him, and his wholly unnecessary fling at the civil-service reformers in his last message. We should be glad to think that these things were not signs that he was forgetting his true rôle in American politics, but we fear they were. He never was and he never will be so popular, so strong in public esteem and respect, as he was in the first three months after his election. Had he used that popularity for beginning an unrelenting war on the Hill faction and all that it stands for, for discountenancing it openly, and letting it be known openly that between him and it there could be no peace, there is a fair reason for supposing we should not now be burdened with Hill and Murphy, or that their following in the State would be too weak and contemptible for notice.

That golden moment was allowed to pass, however. The President discarded his old advisers, reappointed none of the good men of 1885, and, through the Quincy debauch with the consulships and other things of the same sort, led many to suppose that the hero of 1884 had become, in defiance of all reason and all probability, in the last term he was likely to hold, a commonplace distributor of spoils and restorer of "harmony." That the disappointment has been great to tens of thousands, there is no denying. The loss to this State has been immense, for, with a courageous fighting-man in the Presidential

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chair, the State politics might have been lifted to a higher level than it has reached any time since 1885.

It is to be said, however, on the other hand, that no President maintains his popularity during his first year, and that any mistakes he makes are apt to be made then. He seldom gets time to consider his situation seriously until the second year. The nomination of Mr. Hornblower we looked on as an indication, slight it might be, but still an indication, that he was disposed to reconsider his policy, and take up the only part for which nature or circumstances had fitted him—the part which we assigned him the day after his election, that of the man who said, "Here I stand. I can do no otherwise. God help me." That nomination was defeated by all sorts of influences. The arguments used against it probably had less than anything else to do with its defeat, for its opponents were men who do not argue, but they supplied something to show to the public. They said they had never heard of Mr. Hornblower; that he was young for the place, and that his experience had not been sufficiently wide and varied—in all which there was a shade of plausibility. The rejection placed Mr. Cleveland once more at the parting of the ways, and filled his friends with fresh anxiety. If he now recurred to his old idea of "harmony," and sought out what would be agreeable to Hill and the promiscuous herd who follow him in the Senate, his fate was sealed. But he has chosen the better way, by nominating another man, Wheeler H. Peckham, who is older than Mr. Hornblower, who stands as president of the Bar Association at the head of the New York bar, who has had as much practice of every kind as a man can have in a long life, and who enjoys everybody's respect, both as a citizen and lawyer, and was even more conspicuous than Mr. Hornblower in resisting Hill's attempt to put a thief on the bench of the Court of Appeals.

Even were the President disposed to take for the place a man of Hill's selection, he would be unable to discover among the followers of that worthy any lawyer fit for such an office as judge of the Supreme Court. Such men do not keep such company. But he might have gone outside the committee which condemned Maynard. His confining his second choice to one of its members shows that he means to fight, and in fighting he will have all that is best in the community at his back. As a general rule the community sides with the President in contests with the Senate. Mr. Cleveland has won one such fight, when the Senate demanded the papers on which he made his removals, although he had the most respectable members of the Senate, such men as Mr. Edmunds for instance, arrayed against him. With nothing now to fear but the opposition of such nondescripts as Hill and Murphy, the Populists, and the young adventurers who have been sent up by the mining and pastoral States of the far West, his eventual triumph seems pretty sure. But, win or lose, the fight is a good one. It is not simply a fight for the confirmation of a good nomination. It is a fight for good government, for good judges, good laws, for political purity, and the fair fame of the American people.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE PULPIT.

MR. ROYCE has been getting well belabored for his article in the January *Forum* on "The Decline of the American Pulpit." A great many occupants of that pulpit, who, like the Rev. Amos Barton, have the opinion, though not the sensation, of great power, have arisen to let their own persons refute his alleged decline, and the religious press has been giving him buffets with brotherly unanimity. We ourselves have thought his article open to pretty serious criticism, though not in the line followed by his clerical censors. For example, he begins by attributing the decline to the lack of "trained men" in the ministry, and ends by telling the "training schools" that they are responsible for the same decline. What he really meant is probably better indicated in the figures given in the *Independent* by President Fisher of Hanover College, which show how very small a proportion of theological students comes from the leading colleges of the country.

But the whole controversy seems to us a profitless one, because it is so largely a dispute about words. Mr. Royce's "decline" was a fatally red rag. If he had contented himself with pointing out the great changes which have come over the Protestant pulpit in the last thirty years, and refused to call those changes either a decline or an improvement, we think he would have fared better. At any rate, he could have kept himself more closely in touch with fact, and could have written with less warmth and been replied to with less wrath. For there can be no doubt, in the mind of one with an unprejudiced eye on the development of church life in the United States, that the pulpit has undergone a sweeping metamorphosis within a generation. We do not see why this may not be recognized with entire good nature, and without calling bad names on either side. The intellectual ability or the piety of the clergy of to-day need not be dragged into the question at all, and the whole thing may be resolved into the query whether the changed conditions and demands of the congregations have not, in fact, produced a changed type of the clergy.

Just here, we think, is where Mr. Royce made a fundamental mistake in assuming that the kind of preacher the people want to-day is a "seer," a man of "spiritual eyesight," a "poet in the poise of his mind." Taking the average congregation in the older parts of the country, this would be far from the fact. Such "a prophet of the soul" as he has in his mind's eye represents, rather, the unpopular and disappearing type, which is being replaced by quite another. The best way to find out the kind of preachers the people want is to ask what kind they have. They get what they want in the long run, and we may be sure that the most successful ministers of the present come nearest the ideal of the present.

What, then, are the principal qualities demanded and exemplified in the successful clergymen of the day? We should put the social qualities first of all. Church people want a pastor who is thoroughly acquainted with all the proprieties and amenities of life, who is as much at ease in a parlor as in a pulpit, who can meet them and their friends on terms of social equality, and never give them occasion to blush for him. Then they are more and more coming to insist upon surrounding church services with an air of quiet decorum. They would simply shudder at one of Mr. Royce's prophets, blurting out all sorts of unpleasant and ill-bred truths. Some crusty old fellow has said that all preaching is essentially bad manners. It may have been once, but we have changed all that. "Doctrinal preaching" has gone, mainly because it is not "good form." Dr. Shedd laments its disappearance, but his complaints are as nothing to what would be heard from the congregations if it were to reappear again. But it will not, nor will the famous doctrinal preachers of other days, who were invisible through the week and incomprehensible on Sunday.

Next in order comes executive talent. The modern church is a complex business requiring administrative ability of a high order. More and more of this is coming to be required of the minister. Let one take up the "year-book" of a city church, with its ramified charitable and educational and missionary interests, and he will see what a head for business the clergyman in charge of it must have. The vast property administered by Trinity parish or the Collegiate Reformed Churches in this city is, of course, exceptional, yet it suggests the kind of work that falls upon the ministry at the present day. What would a prophet do if plumped down at a table with a lot of intricate accounts and tough business problems thrust in his face? He would rather tackle Jezebel or the prophets of Baal twenty times over.

It makes little difference whether we call the changes in the pulpit which these inexorable demands have brought

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about a decline or an advance. They amount, in fact, to a transformation, which is all the while becoming more complete. How it works in individual cases may be inferred from a colloquy between two college classmates, one of them a clergyman, ten years after graduation. They were comparing notes about intellectual growth and their opportunities for it, and the clergyman said grimly: "You will see at once how much wiser I am than in college when I tell you that I have since gone to two or three hundred afternoon teas, have played five hundred sets of tennis with the daughters of my parishioners, have attended many scores of receptions, and gossiped three hours on an average at each, have presided at a thousand or two meetings of trustees and boards, circulated a couple of hundred subscription papers, and built three churches, two chapels, and a rectory. I need only add," he concluded, "that in my church the wild Western sign, 'Don't shoot the organist, for he is doing his best,' has been transferred from the organ-loft to the pulpit."

MARTIAL LAW IN SICILY.

ITALY, January 11, 1894.

SICILY is in a state of siege, under martial law, and assuredly there is no sadder heart in Italy to-day than Crispi's. He who contributed so largely in 1848-'9 and in 1860 to liberate his native island from the Bourbon; he who, for years afterwards, remained in the breach to obtain justice, to promote education, to cover the island with railroads, ports, and harbors; he who was foremost in the hospitals of Palermo during the cholera scourge—after exhausting every effort to pacify the populations, pledging himself and his colleagues to introduce measures for the redress of grievances, for the transfer of taxes from the *have-nots* to the *haves*—has been at last compelled, in the presence of downright crime, to demand the King's sanction for the exceptional measures necessary for the safety of life, for the protection of state officers in the exercise of their duties, for the restoration of order.

When I last wrote, the agitation was confined to the peasants and miners who, enrolled in their Fasci, had obtained a certain amount of relief in the form of contracts with their masters, which, if they did not secure "a living wage," insured a net gain, so says Signor Colajanni, of five millions during the present year. Suddenly and violently a fresh agitation was set on foot against the local taxes, especially against the octroi (the tax on consumption), against the hearth tax, and the surtax laid by the communes on the income tax paid by the heads of families. It began in Monreale, whence in 1866 the malefactors, incited by the monks, friars, and clericals, descended on Palermo, all unprepared because the prefect and the head of the police refused to believe in the warnings of those who best knew the intentions of the "black party," and for a week the city was given over to the miscreants, who burnt and pillaged, destroyed public and private buildings, broke up the statues of Garibaldi and the King; and because the Marquis di Rudini, then mayor of Palermo, headed the national guard and fought valiantly against the crew of savages, they burnt his palace to the ground, his father dying in consequence and his wife escaping with bare life. One fact in the Monreale episode of December, 1893, it is only just to note: everywhere the Fasci had exerted themselves to maintain order. Some of the members, admitted to the communal councils, had the people well in hand. "The taxes are unjust," said they; "we know this, we are drawing up a scheme for abating the most obnoxious ones; but, since you have elected us, you must trust and allow us to choose our own methods and the opportune time." With the exception of some renegades, most of the leaders *did* sincerely believe that Crispi's ministry would radically reform "the incidence of taxation," especially as the relations between the premier and Colajanni have been growing ever more cordial; indeed, Crispi consulted his quondam foe as to the most urgent needs and possibilities, while Sydney Sonnino and Boselli, ministers of the treasury and of agriculture, were known to be engaged in drawing up various schemes for the taxation of uncultivated land and for the introduction of legal contracts between landlord and tenant.

The state of siege is a very mild one. At first the people of Palermo were alarmed, began to lay in provisions as a precaution against famine, to withdraw their deposits from the savings banks, to close their shops, and to shut themselves in their houses. But, on the following day, everything returned to a normal state, the citizens being reassured in view of the fact that only riots were to be suppressed. Colajanni had an interview with Gen. Morra di Lavriano, who consented to his issue, by telegram, of a proclamation to the "laborers of Sicily," which had an instantaneous influence in inducing the real laborers to do their best to impede the disorders which they had had no hand in promoting.

"In the name of all my companions in faith," runs Colajanni's manifesto, "I implore you to preserve absolute calm, to avoid whatsoever may lead to a useless shedding of blood—a misfortune always—and which now can only aggravate the condition of the laborers. Let your pacific and calm attitude demonstrate the uselessness of all repressive measures. Once the disorders are at an end, the pledge of the Government exists to redress that portion of your grievances whose existence it acknowledges. You must await the promised redress, and trust that the measures adopted may suffice to overcome the resistance of the local *camarille* who coalesce to maintain the present injustice, and to recognize your rights, hitherto despised. The conditions of the moment impose this line of conduct; whosoever gives you contrary advice is a traitor."

These words, which the real leaders of the people have read to the illiterate peasants and miners, have been magical; the fact that Colajanni and Crispi are reconciled gives great hopes that the crying grievances of the Sicilians will be redressed; and while Sonnino, the one man on the continent who knows the true conditions of the peasants and the miners, is at work on his land bill, Crispi is studying the possible measures for removing the heaviest of their burdens, namely, the tax on consumption.

It would require more space than you could afford to explain all the horrors of this tax on all the poor in Italy, but especially on the Sicilians and Sardinians. When the first rulers of Italy had ruined the nation by their violent centralization, when the landowners and land tenants had paid a year's land tax in advance, then the wiseacres bethought themselves of a tax on a broad basis, the grist tax and the tax on consumption; then, not satisfied with using this as a source of state revenue, they allowed the communes to put on a *surtax*. This tax, which in 1871 brought in sixty millions to the state and seventy-one to the communes, in 1890 brought in eighty millions to the state and 140 millions to the communes. These communes may tax all that the state leaves untaxed and put a *surtax* on all the taxes of the state—*i. e.*, on all food, fuel, and beverages, on flocks and herds, on materials for construction, and also on the state tax on land and houses, besides the *fuocatico*, or hearth tax. Now in Northern Italy, where the workingmen *do* take part in politics and political elections, the communes have, for the greater number, placed heavy surtaxes on land and on houses—on the *haves*, that is—whereas they have taxed with a comparatively light hand the food of the people, the *have-nothings*. Thus, Piedmont, which has almost exactly the same population as Sicily, lays on twelve millions; Lombardy, with an extra half million of inhabitants, twelve millions also; Venetia, with only a quarter million less of inhabitants, seven millions; while Sicily pays twenty-two millions and a quarter; the hearth tax, which is imposed on the very poorest, amounting to an extra two millions. Nor do these figures explain the entire infamy of the system. The country is divided into "closed" and "open" communes, which contribute in different proportions to the communal tax. Take Venetia and Lombardy, where the country districts are populated with villages and farmhouses. There the farmers and peasants pay a tax when they kill a pig, or for such articles as they have to purchase in town, as there is a tax on retail business; but they grind and eat their own corn in the shape of bread, maccaroni, or polenta, they drink their home-made wine untaxed, they eat their fowls, their eggs and vegetables untaxed; so that, though the land and income taxes are heavy indeed, they manage to make ends meet. But in Sicily there are *no* rural districts; the peasants, fishermen, and miners are forced to live in the great cities, the large or small towns, and the few villages; they are all forced within the octroi barrier, and must pay for every morsel of food that they consume, for the sticks that their women and children pick up, for the litter of their mules or horses, for the bran on which they feed their pigs and poultry.

Then, again, while the surtax on all else is limited to a fixed sum, the state tax, the tax on bread, paste, rice, and flour, is allowed to be extended to one-fifteenth of its actual value. Take corn and flour: Sicily produces one-seventh of all the corn crop in Italy, but the peasants who raise it, living in towns, are compelled to pay the state tax and the surtax even on their own share. If they purchase, they have to pay the price which the custom tax increases. Take Palermo: the custom-house duties are five lire (the corn laws once abolished are again in force); the home producers sell their corn at the same rate as the foreign corn. To-day, wheat in Sicily costs thirty lire per quintal. Palermo being one of the largest cities, the government puts on an octroi tax outside the gate of two lire. The commune of Palermo, not content with putting a tax of 15 per cent. on the actual price of corn, lays it on that price and the Government tax added together, so that it brings the tax up to 24½ per cent. The poor people who eat anything but "beans and greens" live on bread and paste; hence all the weight of this unjust impost falls on them. As it is in Palermo, so it is everywhere, because the signori in the municipal councils never put a surtax on land until they have exhausted all the resources of the octroi and *fuocatico*. It is to these *camarille* that Colajanni alludes in his manifesto.

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To refer again to Piedmont as compared to Sicily: in the former province the surtax on land is thirteen millions, in the island of Sicily it is but five millions. The ability of the Government will be shown in removing these abnormal facts, in adjusting the incidence of taxation. It must bring the landholders to a sense of their duty. The owners of land in Sicily have trebled their rents since 1840, when the last census was taken; they have doubled them, as Orlando Ruggiero shows, during the last twenty years. Contrast this with the condition of the "distressed landlords" and the "perplexed farmers" in England, who, owing to American and Australian competition, find "horn and corn" unremunerative, and you will see how the condition of land tenure in Sicily is responsible for all the evils under which the poor toiling masses groan. Sonnino, in his great work, the 'Peasants in Italy,' affirmed that there was no remedy save to "bring the landlords into direct contact with the tillers of the soil, abolishing the middlemen." If he can succeed in doing this, he will have proved himself one of the greatest statesmen that Italy has possessed in ancient or modern times. But to succeed he must wait for the dissolution of the present Parliament. Then Crispi must go to the country on the programme of economical and social reform; he must prevent and punish all interference with the liberty of elections, and then he will be sure to have a strong, firm working majority—not a bought mob who will leave him in the lurch, but the representatives of the people who toil, who suffer, and can now not bear an additional feather's weight on their bent and burdened backs. There are plenty of resources left in the country. As Bodio showed in his pamphlet on the progress of Italy during the last twenty-five years, an immense amount of wealth escapes taxation. Luxury is ever on the increase; feasts and banquets are the order of the day. At the present moment, *starving* Syracuse spends 25,000 lire to fête Prince Thomas, who is a very quiet, unpretending gentleman, even as Caltanissetta spent 80,000 lire on the adornment of one hall in the municipality for the reception of the King and Queen in 1880, to the great regret of the sovereigns and of the public. In short, monarchy and representative institutions are on their trial as they have never been since the days of 1870, when there was hesitation about going into Rome or sending an army to the assistance of the Emperor Napoleon. If the monarch and his patriotic advisers can induce the wealthy, landed, and capitalist classes to alleviate the burdens of the masses, they may yet have a long term of life. But if not, depend upon it, the people will reverse Cattaneo's ultimatum to the Austrians who threatened to starve the inhabitants of Milan, "As well die of hunger as by hanging," and will say, "As well be shot as starved." The present return to order in Sicily is obtained by the terror of the "black party" lest they be found out to be the instigators of the riots, and by the efforts of the people who believe in Crispi and in most of his colleagues in their resolve to relieve their burdens and to liberate them from their domestic tyrants. If they should be deluded and deceived, then indeed no one would dare to prophesy the results to Sicily and to Italy as a whole. J. W. M.

IN THE BALEARIC ISLES.—VI.

MAHON, December, 1893.

WHEN we announced our intention of going to Menorca, our friends in Mallorca shrugged their shoulders as if caprice alone could prompt such a journey. The distance between the capital cities of the sister islands is only a night's sail, yet there seems to be little intercourse between them, save in the way of commerce; their mutual relation to the central government at Madrid being the rather perfunctory tie that binds them together. Why Mallorca should have been so bountifully endowed with a rich soil, happy climate, and grand landscape features, while to her neighbor were given a scanty soil and meagre aspect, only those deep in the secrets of the gods can tell. Whether this great disparity in the physical aspect of the two islands would be complemented by noticeable differences in the character of the inhabitants, we were curious to see.

We chose the most inconvenient route to Mahon, via Alcudia, as it promised a greater diversity of experiences. From Palma through vineyards and pretty hamlets to Empalme the way was familiar; but from there a branch road skirted the southern base of the Sierra, bringing into view strikingly bold, individual crags, with ruined watch-towers that mark a period of eternal vigilance. At La Puebla, the termination of the railroad, we were to take diligence to Alcudia, about six miles distant, and from there the steamer to Mahon. The diligence proved to be a high two-wheeled peasant's cart, with rope bottom and woven-hemp sides, and with scanty room for six persons; the baggage being tied in a precarious fashion behind. But no scarlet-coated Highland coachman was ever more autocratic than our olive-skinned islander, who for livery wore his calico shirt outside his trousers, and, on our suggesting a more secure adjustment of our belongings, waved us away with such a lordly air that we meekly clambered up to our seats. Our fellow-passengers were peasants, with the exception of a Mahonese artisan returning to his home in high spirits, whose lively sallies frequently upset the habitual gravity of his neighbors. In almost any other country we should have attributed this exuberance to the influence of the "flowing bowl," but we have yet to see a case of intoxication among these temperate people. We have been told by a resident of a quarter of a century, who has visited every town and village in the islands, that the only drunkenness he has ever seen has been among sailors belonging to foreign ships temporarily in port.

Our primitive diligence had the merit of lightness, and we sped past fields hedged with reeds and aloes, and by the Albufera, half veiled in thin, blue smoke, once a vast, noxious marsh, now, through English energy and intelligence, dyked and drained, and converted into an exceedingly fertile tract, divided into small holdings. Just beyond is Alcudia, wearing the melancholy aspect of bygone prosperity, and bearing the empty title of "city," the superlative "fidelísima" having been bestowed upon it by Charles V. for its allegiance to him during certain domestic troubles. We were glad to leave its close, lane-like streets, and pass out between the massive double walls, now crumbling to decay, and through the old gateway to the road that leads to the port, where a refreshing breeze blew in from the sea. It is a pity that these towns and villages should remain cramped in narrow quarters, now that the Moors are under guard in Africa and the Barbary pirates have become regenerated or have found other occupations.

At the head of the straggling line of half-a-dozen houses fronting the bay was our modest little *fonda*, whose principal room served as bar, reception, and family dining-room. There was none of that delightful bustle which, in an English inn, for example, always follows the advent of travellers and calls up such pleasant anticipations. Our hostess moved about with depressing deliberation, and we had begun to despair of supper when we were asked if we liked fish. Meanwhile our gay Mahonese, after inviting every one to drink with him (which invitation was politely declined, according to custom), took a guitar, and, seating himself in the open doorway, through which we could see the moonlight trembling on the waters of the bay, sang several spirited ballads. After another long delay supper was announced, and consisted of three courses of fish. Our host waited upon us in unconventional shirtsleeves and sombrero, but the table was graced with snowy napkins, a refinement we have sometimes found counted among the "extras" in decorous England.

A tidy chamber invited us to sleep, and the soft notes of the guitar were fast luring us into the fascinating unknown, when we were quickly recalled by the expostulatory tones of a drove of pigs. The pig is one of the chief exports of Mallorca, and, fed royally on figs, carobs, and sweet acorns, when transformed into crackling does not need for sauce even the gentle Elia's famous dissertation. But in transit it is quite another thing. For more than half a century pigs and passengers, the former sometimes numbering hundreds, have jostled one another on the same boat, almost shared the same cabin. The Spaniard muffles himself in his cloak, and shuts out as well as he can the noisome odors and incessant squealing, but his proverbial patience has long since passed the border line of virtue. The pigs, more enterprising, have recently made use of the public press to protest against being obliged to share the gangplank with the passengers. Their success leads all those who go down to the sea from Mallorca to pray devoutly that they may soon demand a separate ship.

As we were rowed out to meet the steamer from Barcelona, we could just distinguish, in the early light, the outlines of the mountains that come down to the bay of Alcudia and which help to form its beautiful port. The pigs had already embarked, and, their number being limited, the miseries of the turbulent channel that rushes between the two islands, were not unnecessarily augmented. A furious gale drove us to the southward so that we did not see the low-lying coast-line of Menorca until within two hours of reaching Mahon. The rather narrow entrance to this port has the effect of a mean hall in a noble dwelling, for the harbor is three miles long and widens inwards, containing so many capacious inlets formed by the indentations of the low hills which hem it in, that the boast of the Mahonese of its capacity to shelter "all the squadrons of the world" seems easy of belief. The ruins of Fort San Felipe, at the water's edge to the left of the entrance, are memorials of the fatuity with which humanity follows precedents. Built by Charles V. and strengthened by subsequent rulers, captured and thrice lost by the English, after heroic defence, the lesson was at last learned, and La Mola, just opposite, a miniature Gibraltar, formed by nature for the defence of the harbor, is now covered with massive fortifications, still in process of enlargement. An immense lazaretto, the largest in Spain, has provided the means of purification for thousands of ships from the Levant. Vessels of different nationalities were at anchor "under observation," and as close as possible to the yellow flags which defined their

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limits lay small boats, whose occupants were relieving the tedium of their confinement by fishing. About midway of the harbor we passed a small island, having a sanguinary history; it is now the site of a large military hospital. The arsenal at Villacárlos, the village on the south side of the bay, the Georgetown of the English, and the navy-yard on the north, complete the warlike aspect of the approach to a city raised under martial auspices, Mahon being the ancient Portus Magonis, founded 452 B. C. by the Carthaginian general Magon, supposed to have been the brother of the great Hannibal.

The city rises irregularly on natural terraces of rock worn into deep fissures and dyed a tawny red by the action of sea and air. Its buildings, all white, are of a nondescript architecture without individual beauty, but in the transparent atmosphere this whiteness produces an airy, luminous effect. The steep streets are clean, some roughly paved with the native rock, and there is a welcome absence of the subtle odor that haunts the streets of Palma. As in Palma, the ground floors of many of the dwellings are given up to the pursuit of various trades, and the family life grouped about the carpenter or shoemaker bench makes a pleasant picture. There are no traces of the Saracens in Mahon, no remains of their picturesque architecture, and we missed the glimpses into charming patios, with gardens beyond, so frequent in Palma. Rows of prim, closely shuttered dwellings—attributed to English influence—succeed one another with melancholy monotony. A lively genius, however, seems to preside over the town. In place of the mournful notes which in Palma always suggest the vanquished Moors, gay operatic airs enliven the streets. Even the refrain of El Sereno has a merry lilt as, with excess of zeal, he calls forth the early hours. The wickets in the doors, too, have an air of coquetry, which the chance sight of a demure face framed within does not belie. The variety of social types representing a mixed inheritance gives piquancy to the street scenes, while a nautical flavor is added by the universal custom of carrying parcels in handkerchiefs, knotted sailor-fashion. Spanish costumes have given place to modern fashions, though with certain graceful modifications. Whatever traces of British occupation a prolonged stay might discover, they do not lie on the surface. We have rarely heard English spoken, but a sign, "Marshall's Coffee House," over a door on the way to Villacárlos suggests old-time English good cheer. The noticeable absence of posters picturing a rampant bull led to the agreeable discovery that Menorca has advanced far enough in civilization to leave behind the barbarous amusement of bull-baiting. A spirit of unaffected kindliness seems to animate the people, which affects the stranger happily. Of the public buildings little can be said. The Church of Santa María possesses a grand organ, perhaps the finest in Spain, which can be heard on Sundays at high mass. There is an attempt at a museum, and a small but excellent public library occupies a portion of one of the old convents, and is in charge of an intelligent librarian, enthusiastic in his work. Through the courtesy of the owner, Señor Pons y Soler, we had the pleasure of examining a rare and interesting collection of antiquities, evidences of various civilizations that have peopled Menorca.

Walking about the western outskirts of the town, we came upon a fine highway bordered with pines. As a rapidly driven vehicle approached we were surprised at hearing a peremptory request to "stop." This exclamation belonged to a very limited fund of English which, with the conveyance, was placed at our service for a drive to San Luis, a village "limpísimo," some four miles distant. Even in Holland "the cleanest of villages" do not always live up to their reputation, but as we had never seen a village answering to that description in the Baleares, we accepted. Scarcely were we seated when our driver, with an indescribable air, asked if we were "milors." Our reply did not seem to lessen the elation which radiated from his whole person, and threatened to make our tour of San Luis rather embarrassing. We walked up one street and down the other of this curious place, where not only the walls, roofs, and chimneys of the dwellings, but outbuildings, fences, and sidewalks were covered with a dazzling coat of lime. The children's backs bore evidence of the freshness of the application, for it was Sunday, and the day before had witnessed the weekly frenzy with which the women of San Luis endeavor to banish every vestige of grateful color. Here and there, however, a green bough leaned against a house, or a brilliant pomegranate hung over a garden wall in a defiant way; but the streets were treeless, and, under the keen sunshine of this semi-tropic zone, no mortal eyes could bear such brightness unflinching. As a consequence, every man, woman, and child in the place squinted. Yet, in spite of this painful neatness, San Luis was not unattractive. The odor of sanctity diffused by this superlative cleanliness accorded with the peaceful Sunday-morning atmosphere, but did not prevent the manifestation of that spontaneous gayety which is one charm of the native character.

We had the pleasure of sailing down the harbor, one balmy afternoon, with a native and long-time resident of Mahon, who as a boy had sailed on the old *Ironsides*, and had spent his early manhood in Massachusetts. The Yankee accent which he still retained called up homely pictures of domestic cheer under far different skies; and his reminiscences of the heroic times of Garrison and Phillips, and the bright ideals which he still cherished of our democratic institutions, had the effect of prophecy, and banished the dark pictures conjured up by modern politics. Our friend reverted to the days when Mahon was our Mediterranean naval station, and spoke of the friendly recollections of Americans entertained by the people of the island. Admiral Farragut often visited here during his midshipman days, but probably his wildest dreams never pictured his returning in after years to be the recipient of a popular ovation.

Only a mile or so southward from Mahon, at Trabucó, we came upon those primitive monuments in which Menorca abounds, and which have given rise to so much wonder and speculation as to their origin and purpose. The T stones, so called from their shape, were supposed to have been heathen altars, and various theories were advanced concerning the sacrificial victims. But more recent investigations point to their probable more utilitarian use as the central supports for the roofs of megalithic edifices. Imagine a single block of stone 18 inches thick and 7 feet broad, rising upright 9 feet above the ground and supporting a horizontal slab measuring 12 feet in length by 5 in width, and 2 feet thick. It is easy to form a mental diagram of so simple a structure, but it must be seen to understand the powerful effect its isolated massiveness produces upon the imagination. Adjacent are usually circular tumuli built of enormous stones, occasionally roughly shaped, and sometimes containing rude interior staircases and chambers. They are known as talayóts, from *atalaya*, or watch-tower. Around them are the remains of ancient towns, rudely built of massive stones, most of them prostrate, but enough remaining to mark the form of the dwellings, and the whole surrounded by protecting walls, of which a few remain in wonderful preservation.

From the talayót we overlooked a wide sweep of country. The first impression was one of melancholy: small, barren-looking fields encircled by high stone walls and containing two or three fig or olive trees, sometimes but a single tree, also surrounded by a wall, both for protection and as a ready means of disposing of this embarrassing crop of stones; outside these enclosures, trees with tops bent almost to the ground by the force of the prevalent north wind and with branches thickset and twisted together, while scattered here and there over the almost level plain are the grim talayóts that have kept watch for unknown ages. Then the whimsical aspect takes possession of one, and there is a fascination in those fantastic, wind-swept trees and mysterious heaps of stones which the most smiling beauty sometimes fails to exercise. S. G.

THE GREEK REVIVAL IN PARIS.

PARIS, January 4, 1894.

CIVILIZATION lives by contrasts. At the very moment when we are introducing on the French stage the Scandinavian drama, and trying to become acquainted with Ibsen, there is a revival of the old classic tragedy, and it is played not only at the French Theatre, it is played at one of the most popular theatres of the Boulevard, called the Renaissance. At the French Theatre, we have "Oedipe Roi" and "Antigone," at the Renaissance we have Racine's "Phèdre."

"Oedipus Rex" is perhaps the most perfect drama that was ever written; the emotion is created by the most natural means, and grows from beginning to end till it reaches the highest point it can attain. It is the most tragical expression that has ever been found of the struggle of man against destiny, against fatality. We have now the good fortune of possessing an actor who plays the part of *Oedipus* with a perfection which borders at times on sublimity. The name of Mounet-Sully will probably be remembered as long as the name of Talma. Mounet-Sully is a conscientious actor, an artist; he is modest, and I am told that he receives advice better than any other of the comedians of the French Theatre. He is tall and handsome, and has the most harmonious and sonorous voice; he was born for tragedy or the heroic drama. He has sometimes been tried in modern comedies, but it is almost painful to see him in a vulgar part; he was made to move among heroes and demigods, or in the fantastic domain of the imagination. There is in him a certain sort of exaltation which carries him along, and which has become natural to him. He is never so perfect as when he plays a part which seems almost out of the limits of humanity. I have been told by Englishmen who had seen *Hamlet* played by the best actors that Mounet-Sully surpasses them all in his conception of this most extraordinary character. Even in a French translation, he has contrived to do full justice to Shakspere. It is impossible to be more pathetic, more dreamy, more melancholy. Mounet-Sully seems all the time on the uncertain border of reason and

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madness; he leaves our mind constantly perplexed. He is never coarse or vulgar; he is always the Prince Hamlet; there is in him an innate nobility of gesture, of movement, of voice.

It is a curious fact that Mounet-Sully has achieved his greatest triumphs in parts like this, or like *Hernani*, which is almost unnatural. We can hardly think now of Victor Hugo's beautiful drama without thinking of Mounet-Sully and of Sarah Bernhardt, in the happy days when Sarah Bernhardt played *Doña Sol* and Mounet-Sully played *Hernani*, and when Victor Hugo could have before his eyes the most poetical reflection of his own thoughts. Mounet-Sully was much admired also in the part of *Nero* in "Britannicus"; he represented well the young tyrant, in his first struggles with *Agrippina*, when the monster which was in him had not yet shown all its horror, when it was, so to speak, growing from hour to hour. But his great triumph of late years has been in "Oedipe Roi," where he appeared in all the majesty of the Greek tragedy. The translation of Sophocles by Lacroix is as good as a translation can be; it is in French verse, and the verses are very fine.

The same cannot be said of the translation of "Antigone," which was made more than twenty years ago by Meurice and Vacquerie. The verses are often flat, and sometimes coarse and vulgar, and the language is in painful contrast with the situations. This "Antigone" has very recently been revived at the French Theatre. Mounet-Sully plays in it the part of *Creon*, the King of Thebes; he plays it with his usual force, and I might say magnificence of expression, but it is impossible to take as much interest in "Antigone" as in "Oedipe Roi." All the incidents of the drama turn upon a point which cannot touch us as much as it did the ancients. The struggle between the King and *Antigone* over the forbidden burial of her brother has not much to interest a modern mind; we can understand only with some difficulty *Creon's* fury and the dreadful punishment which he inflicts on *Antigone*, whom he orders to be buried alive. We cannot imagine any better the sudden change which comes over him when he discovers that his son, who is in love with *Antigone*, has joined her.

The authors and the director of the French Theatre have given us this tragedy in order to make what they believe a complete restoration of the Greek theatre. We have in it a real chorus, represented by a number of old men who sing in unison. The stage is double, having two stories; the chorus, the people, move on the lower story, and a double staircase allows access to the upper story, on which we see a temple, and on which move and talk the principal actors, *Creon*, *Antigone*, etc. When *Antigone* is condemned by *Creon*, she comes down the staircase and makes an appeal to the people; but the chorus is inexorable. All the details have been studied with the greatest care; and the temple, which is built of brick and wood, has been copied from a drawing in the 'History of Greek Architecture,' a very learned work by M. Chipiez. The music pretends to be Greek music. It was composed by Saint-Saëns, and is very monotonous and dull; moreover, it is almost impossible to understand what the chorus is saying, though this is essential to the drama. Altogether, this reconstruction of a Greek theatre has not been a very happy experiment, though *Creon* played his part with great majesty and dignity, and though Mademoiselle Bartet, dressed like a Tanagra figurine, enveloped in graceful veils, gave very poetic expression to *Antigone*.

It is idle to hope to give on a French stage a real reconstruction of the Greek theatre. Men like Corneille and Racine did not care much for what we now call "local color." They followed strictly the law of the three unities of Aristotle, and one of these unities is unity of place. There is no change of the decoration in the classic tragedy; the mind ought not to be too much amused by material details and to be drawn away from the dialogue, from the intellectual part of the drama.

I have spoken at length of Mounet-Sully; I must say something of his brother Paul Mounet, who is also playing at the French Theatre. He was tried first in inferior parts, but he has lately revealed himself as a great actor. He is just now playing the part of *Titus* in Racine's tragedy of "Bérénice" in a manner which is truly remarkable. It is a pity that he is not as handsome as his brother, but he has the same sonorous voice, and I have never seen an actor wear the Roman toga and the imperial purple with so great majesty. Talma must have looked so when he was applauded by Napoleon. The tragedy of "Bérénice" is one of the finest of Racine's; his marvellous talent found an admirable field in a subject which to others would have seemed too sterile. An ancient historian has told the story in very few words: "Titus reginam Berenicen, cui etiam nuptias pollicitus ferebatur, ab urbe dimisit invitus invitam." How wonderful is the laconism of the Latin language. What long struggles are contained in these three words, "dimisit invitus invitam." Titus loves Berenice, he loved her before he was chosen Emperor by the Senate, but the Roman law is inexorable. Cæsar cannot marry a Queen. The old republican hatred of kings has survived the republic; the Roman people will not for a moment admit that a Cæsar should marry another than a Roman; it looks upon an Oriental queen as the populace of London would look upon some Indian princess. Berenice loves Titus, she loved him before he became Emperor, and now she is told that she cannot become his wife. She is angry at first, but after a while she submits to the inevitable; she cares as much for the glory of Titus as Titus can himself; she will leave Rome and return to Palestine—"dimisit invitus invitam."

What attracted Racine to this theme of Berenice and Titus was its very simplicity. He had long looked for the subject of a tragedy which should be very free from intrigues, from crimes and murders, even from incidents. The ancients (I mean the Greeks) greatly valued this simplicity, and Racine was a great admirer of the ancients. It can be truly said that in "Bérénice," as well as in all the plays of Racine, the French language attained the highest pitch of perfection. He represents, as it were, the *summum*, what the mathematicians call the maximum, of perfection of the French in verse, as Mme. de Sévigné and Bossuet represent the maximum of perfection in prose. Racine had, at times, an extraordinary boldness. When *Titus* separates from *Bérénice*, he tells her, in reply to her reproaches,

"Hélas! que vous me déchirez!"

And she answers:

"Vous êtes empereur, seigneur, et vous pleurez!"

This is exactly what took place between Louis XIV. and Mazarin's niece, Marie Mancini. Mazarin, sacrificing his own interests to those of the state, would not allow young Louis XIV., who was in love with Marie Mancini, to marry her, and when the separation took place Louis XIV. cried, and she said to him: "Vous êtes roi et vous pleurez!"

We find Racine again on another stage, very inferior to the French Theatre, the Renaissance, now managed by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. I went to see her play "Phèdre" (which alternates with the "Dame aux Camélias"). She has not escaped time's "irreparable outrage"; she is no longer the *Phèdre* whom I saw in other times at the French Theatre. Her golden voice has suffered from uttering the shrieks of so many dramas, played in all countries. Still, in the milder moments of her part, she remains a most poetic and graceful figure. She still has that spark of genius which has made her incomparable.

Correspondence.

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC FEDERATION AND PRACTICAL POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My friend Mr. H. G. Wilshire has just sent me a copy of your journal, containing a letter from Mr. W. J. Ashley of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in which occurs the following passage on the decay of revolutionary Social-Democracy in Europe: "In England it [this decay] is sufficiently indicated by the prominence of the Fabian Society and the disappearance from practical politics of the Social-Democratic Federation." With the Fabian Society and its work I have nothing to do. But its members have never claimed that they constitute an *organization* of Socialists in any sense of those words, and I hold a different opinion as to its prominence in "practical politics" from that held by Mr. Ashley. Certain it is that, according to their own confession in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*, they have failed to influence the "practical politics" of the Liberal party with which they are connected; while the failure of the Progressive party on the London County Council, acting to a considerable extent under their influence, to deal adequately with the pressing social problems of this nation-city will, I fear, tell greatly in favor of the reactionary party at the next elections.

On the other hand, you will, sir, perhaps, allow me to give a few facts in relation to the Social-Democratic Federation, which will prove to your readers how far we have "disappeared" from practical politics:

(1.) During the past year we have far more than doubled the number of our genuine paying members, and have also doubled the number of our active branches in London and in the Provinces. Those who know how exceedingly difficult it is to get English workmen—and our organization is almost wholly composed of workers—to pay for their own politics, will understand what an immense advance this betokens in the fourteenth year of our existence.

(2.) The Social-Democratic Federation now commands all but a majority on the Executive of the London Trades Council, and our influence is felt more and more each day on that body.

(3.) At the great annual Congress of Trades Unions at Belfast last year—the Congress of the "aristocrats of labor"—we carried a resolution, by 137 votes against 96, in favor of the complete socialization of all the great means and instruments of production, distribution, and exchange. This thoroughgoing, revolutionary resolution was proposed by James Macdonald, one of the oldest members of the Social-Democratic Federation, and seconded by Peter Curran, likewise an old member of

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the S. D. F., who left us to work in the New Unionism, but rejoined last year. I attach the very greatest importance to this voting, which I have every reason to believe will be affirmed by an increased majority next year, as well as to the resolution, likewise carried by Social-Democratic influence, committing the trades unions to take an active part in politics. This they have hitherto refused to do.

(4.) We have at the present moment three thoroughgoing revolutionary Social-Democratic candidates before the constituencies of Walworth (London), South Salford, and Burnley; and should have many more if payment of election expenses and payment of members of Parliament were the law. Even as it is, we shall probably be able to run a few more at the general election, and there are Socialists who, like Keir Hardie, M. P., West Ham, and Peter Curran at Barrow in Furness, will have our support, though they do not run under our direct control.

(5.) We have placed many members of the Social-Democratic Federation on municipal councils, vestries, school boards, and even boards of guardians in different parts of the country. In Burnley, where I am myself standing as a candidate for Parliament against both Tory and Liberal, we have just carried two municipal councillors against the efforts of both factions, and in the five wards out of thirteen which we contested in this Radical stronghold, we polled 1,775 votes; that number being 76 more than the Liberals and Radicals polled in the same wards.

All this scarcely reads, I venture to think, like "the disappearance of the Social-Democratic Federation from practical politics." I may add that John Burns owes his seat for Battersea to the work done in that constituency by the Social-Democratic Federation, of which he was a member and in which organization he undoubtedly received his social and political education. The last statement is true of Thomas Mann and others.

In conclusion, I may say that there is not a single practical palliative proposal now before the English public which was not first set forth and pushed by the Social-Democratic Federation; while the tremendous work our comrades have done this winter on behalf of the unemployed in pursuance of our agitation of the last ten years seems to me practical and beneficial enough by itself to call for some acknowledgment.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. M. HYNDMAN.

9 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE,
LONDON, S. W., January 8, 1894.

P. S.—I find that I have omitted to state that our journal, *Justice*, which has been running now for ten years, is printed at our own press; that it is edited by a workingman, H. Quelch, and is largely written by workingmen; that also, though larger in size than it has ever hitherto been, it is paying its expenses without any advertisements. "Prominent" as the Fabians may be, they have no journal of their own whatever: their monthly review, *To-Day*, died of inanition some years ago. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has taken the title for his weekly paper. H. M. H.

ARCHÆOLOGY IN CRETE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the Greek Syllogos of Candia is preparing to acquire the great inscription of Gortyna, and has already despatched to America appeals for contributions to that end, some account of this body and its services to archæology seems appropriate.

In the year 1875, the Syllogos was founded with the object, in the words of its president, "of collecting funds for the diffusion of Greek letters and the education of the Greeks in Crete." The Turks form only one-fourth of the population, are chiefly of Greek descent, and understand accurately the Greek language alone. In 1885, Dr. Joseph Hazzidakis (consular agent of the United Sates in Candia) was chosen president, and continues in office. At that time, the public funds for education being sufficient, Dr. Hazzidakis proposed to turn the small resources of the Syllogos towards the investigation and preservation of the extant remains of antiquity in the island. The Government was persuaded to forbid the destruction of antiquities, and the Syllogos began to buy such relics as came to light and to preserve them in its museum—a collection which is already more than respectable. By the zeal and efforts of the Syllogos the so-called Ἰδαῖον Ἄντρον and the Cave of Eilithyia were excavated, and the position of the city and river of Amnisos accurately defined. Later, by its aid, Dr. Halbherr was enabled to excavate, in Gortyna, the temple of Pythian Apollo, where were uncovered the oldest extant Greek inscriptions, and Messrs. Halbherr and Fabricius were assisted in the investigations, at the same site, which led to the discovery of the great inscription in question. At present the Syllogos is the centre of all archæological work done in Crete.

With the hope that this mention may throw some light on the history and services of this society, I am, etc., JOHN ALDEN.

CANDIA, CRETE, December 31, 1893.

[The appeal referred to above states that the well-known "great inscription of Gortyna, the most famous of the epigraphical remains of Greek antiquity that have come down to us," is in danger of perishing from the action of running water, or from ignorance or malice, being in the same place in which it was discovered in 1884. It is proposed to buy it and transport it to the museum of the Syllogos, at a cost of $2,000. As an inducement to subscribe to this object, the Syllogos offers a cast of the entire wall to any institution contributing $125, delivering it free at Brindisi, Trieste, Genoa, or Marseilles. The Syllogos may be addressed through its president or its secretary (Prof. S. Xanthoudidis) at Candia.—ED. NATION.]

FULDA'S "THE TALISMAN."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of yesterday, you call attention, in a paragraph of considerable length, to the "literary event" of the successful performance of Ludwig Fulda's "Der Talisman." In the article no hint is given that the plot is identically that of a very familiar story of Hans Christian Andersen's, in which American children took delight fifty years ago and more.

Respectfully, WILLIAM EVERETT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 19, 1894.

Notes.

WE read in the *Library Journal* for January that librarians will shortly be asked by circular what support they will give to an 'American Catalogue' of books previous to 1876 (not included in the 1876 volume), compiled from Roorbach, Kelly, Stevens, and other sources, and perhaps confined to author-alphabet alone.

G. P. Putnam's Sons' spring list embraces the Writings of Thomas Paine, edited by Moncure D. Conway, the first volume (1774–1779) being nearly ready; volumes iii. and iv. of Paul Leicester Ford's edition of Jefferson's Writings; 'The Life and Correspondence of Rufus King,' edited by his grandson, Dr. Charles R. King, in five volumes; 'Oliver Cromwell,' by Samuel H. Church; 'Tennyson: His Art, and His Relation to Modern Life,' by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke; 'A History of Social Life in England,' edited in six volumes by H. D. Traill; 'Piers Plowman—1363–1399,' by J. J. Jusserand; 'Art in Theory,' by Prof. Geo. L. Raymond of Princeton; 'Secularism: Its Progress and Morals,' by John M. Bonham; 'American Song,' a collection of representative poems, with analytical and critical studies of their writers, a text-book, by A. B. Simmonds; 'James Henry Chapin of Connecticut: His Life and Work,' by Geo. Sumner Weaver, D.D.; 'Random Roamings in Time and Space,' by the Rev. Augustus Jessopp, D.D.; 'Mediæval Life and Literature,' studies by the late Prof. E. T. McLaughlin of Yale; and 'The Life and Teachings of Jesus,' by Arthur K. Rogers.

Henry Holt & Co. will issue shortly a 'History of the Mental Growth of Mankind in Ancient Times,' in four volumes, by John S. Hittell, and 'John Ingerfield, and Other Stories,' by Jerome K. Jerome.

Macmillan & Co. have in press 'Sources of the Constitution of the United States,' by Dr. C. Ellis Stevens.

'Studies in the Evolution of English Criticism,' announced by Ginn & Co., will attract attention by reason of its author, Laura Johnson Wylie, being a "Graduate Student of English in Yale University."

The Burrows Brothers Co. of Cleveland are American agents for a complete translation of Catullus, the metrical part of which was the work of the late Sir Richard Burton, while abundant notes will be supplied by Mr. Leonard C. Smithers. The issue will be limited to subscribers, and will not exceed fifteen hundred. Blake's portrait of Catullus is to be etched as a frontispiece. The book will be a large octavo.

The uniform edition of Thoreau's works issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is brought to an end with three volumes, "Spring," "Excursions," and "Miscellanies," the last consisting of fugitive papers recovered from magazines and other periodicals, and from some books; the most considerable features being an estimate of Carlyle and his works in 1847, and the anti-slavery utterances entitled "Slavery in Massachusetts," "A Plea for Captain John Brown," and "The Last Days of John Brown." These prose fragments are preceded by Emerson's sketch of the author from the *Atlantic* of August, 1862, and succeeded by Thoreau's translation of the "Prometheus Bound," Pindaric versions, and scanty original verse. A general index is affixed, and two of these three final volumes have frontispiece portraits of Thoreau. The record thus seems as complete as his most ardent admirer could wish.

The second and concluding volume of 'The World's Parliament of Religions' (Chicago: The Parliament Publishing Co.; New York: J. A. Hill & Co.) follows close upon our notice of the first, which it resembles in its pictorial assortment with a pronounced Eastern flavor. The denominational congresses are reported in

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the latter part of this volume, and furnish occasion for swelling the number of portraits.

A handful of books from Macmillan challenge consideration mainly by reason of their illustrations. The first is a small one of Dent's, 'Bon-Mots of Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold,' edited by Walter Jerrold, and disfigured by "grotesques" by Aubrey Beardsley. The attempt to marry Japanese monstrosities of design to Western humor meets the fate that might be expected, even if the designs bore any relation to the jests of the text, which they do not. The full-length pen-sketch of Lamb is the best and indeed the only "illustration," besides the portrait of Jerrold. Fitness distinguishes the illustrations to 'The Temple,' for they are "almost all taken from engravings produced in the century before George Herbert's time—that is to say, from designs which he had seen or might have seen." Albert Dürer, Holbein, Martin Schongauer, Lucas van Leyden, and George Whitney hold the leading place, and what ought to strike every eye, but will not, is the complete harmony between the older woodcuts and the printer's types; and the facsimiles of the metal engravings are much less inharmonious than our mechanical "process" hatching. A few useful notes are added. Christina Rossetti has fallen into good hands in the case of her nursery 'Sing-Song,' illustrated by Arthur Hughes, and of her 'Goblin Market,' illustrated by Laurence Housman. Mr. Hughes's designs are pat, usually graceful, and in their best humor excellent. Mr. Housman's are as decorative as they are odd, and thoroughly in the spirit of the weird lyric. Both reprints are prettily bound.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is not a very entertaining personage, and his well-regulated life is not a very good one to write of unless one devotes more space to his illustrious circle of friends than to himself. Mr. Claude Phillips keeps pretty close to his subject in the biography which comes to us from the Scribners, and has hardly succeeded in making it amusing. Reynolds was an accomplished type of the fashionable portrait-painter—courtly, stately, polite, impeccable, and "invulnerable," and withal somewhat cold-blooded. His personality is eminently respectable, but it is not fascinating, and a comparison between him and his great rival, Gainsborough, is not unlike the famous one between Addison and Steele. In painting, too, we are inclined to think Gainsborough the more vitally artistic nature; but Reynolds had an enormous vogue in his day, and was considered the first artist of England when England had the best art of Europe, and it is not surprising that the English should try to make an "old master" of him and place him among the great ones of art. His faults seem to us too great and his merits insufficient for him to hold such a position with the world at large. His life is a little apt to resolve itself into a catalogue of his sitters, and such a catalogue, made up from his pocket-books, is apt to prove monotonous. Mr. Phillips gives all the facts along with some very just criticisms. His book is likely to prove acceptable.

The veteran artist W. H. Beard, after a lifetime devoted to the painting of animals, has undertaken to set down for the use of others what he has learned about 'Action in Art' (Cassell Publishing Co.). There is much common sense in the book, and a good deal of it might prove useful to beginners. What Mr. Beard has to say about the use of instantaneous photography and the difference between art and science in the treatment of the action of animals, is interesting and generally sound. On the other hand, he is at sea about the tails of comets, which he takes to be caused by "the resistance of the . . . ether through which they pass forcing back the luminous substance," in spite of the fact that the tail is as often before the comet as behind it; while on p. 16 he gives a cut of a rolling wheel with "particles of dust . . . flying at a tangent from its rim" in the wrong direction. It is a pity that his English was not revised by some more practised writer, and that he could not restrain his tendency to puns.

The *University Extension* series, edited by Principal Symes of Nottingham, England, and published by Methuen & Co., London, contains a recent number on 'Meteorology,' by H. N. Dickson, who has for some years past been associated with the discussions of the *Challenger* observations. The volume is of compact size, and its materials are fresh and as a whole well chosen and accurate; but it would appear from the order in which they are presented that the author is less experienced as a teacher than as a student of the subject.

'Climates of the United States in Colors' is the first line of the redundant title-page of a volume of charts prepared by Dr. Charles Denison of Colorado, now reissued (Chicago: Keener Co.). The facts are derived almost entirely from the reports of the Signal Service, whose publications are advisedly popularized in such books as this one. The charts may be commended to physicians and teachers as presenting a series of climatic illustrations not generally accessible elsewhere. The colors of the charts might be much more agreeable, and the mounting of the folded pages is awkward, as part of their text stands upside down.

A small octavo of 500 pages of fine print is Dr. E. F. Willoughby's 'Handbook of Public Health and Demography' (Macmillan), in which the elements of those sciences are taught dogmatically and correctly. It is too condensed to be agreeable to the general reader, but it is a very convenient addition to the student's library. In view of the author's nationality, it is a little odd that he persists in attributing to Mr. Francis Galton, the demographer, the hygienic devices of his cousin, Sir Douglas, the engineer.

A collection of Norwegian poems, both old and new, has recently appeared in Christiania, with numerous illustrations and decorated margins by Thorolf Holmboe. Over a dozen poets are represented, including Welhaven, Munch, Ibsen, Björnson, and Lie. From the same city comes a critical study by the young author, Hj. Christensen, of his fellow-Norwegian writers, several of whom bid fair to become worthy successors to Björnson. As the first serious attempt to explain the latest literary movement in Norway, the work deserves to become known outside of Scandinavian lands.

'A Prince of India' has been translated into Danish, and has been very favorably received by the Copenhagen press. A second edition of 'Ben Hur' is also announced from Copenhagen.

Die Romanwelt is the name of a new weekly paper published in Stuttgart by Cotta, which is to be cosmopolitan in its scope. A translation of Pierre Loti's 'Mon Frère Ives' is begun in the first number, in which also appears the opening of a novel, "Es War," by Hermann Sudermann, known to American readers by his "Dame Care" included in the "Odd Number Series." Stories by the dramatist Fulda, by Spielhagen, and by Ernst von Wildenbruch are also promised. The size of the new weekly is a little larger than the *Nation* and the *Revue Bleue*.

The Bulletin of the Department of Geology of the University of California at Berkeley, edited by Prof. A. C. Lawson, now reaches four numbers and 163 pages. In the first number the editor shows that the granites of the Coast Range, regarded by Whitney as eruptive into the Tertiary rocks, are in reality of much more ancient origin; the Coast Range sediments lying upon the denuded surface of the granites. In the latest number Prof. Lawson describes, in a most acceptable and effective manner, the diverse movements of the southern coast and the off-shore islands of California in recent geological times. The first volume of the Bulletin is to include 400 or 500 pages, and the University liberally offers to send all the numbers to any subscriber who will agree to pay $3.50 when the volume is finished.

The *Journal of Geology* of the Chicago University has now completed its first volume of eight numbers, maintaining throughout the seriously high quality with which it was begun. The list of editors and associate editors on the title-page is a sufficient guarantee that the *Journal* will be well continued. The most generally interesting article of the last number is by Branner, on the supposed glaciation of Brazil, in which he makes it clear that Agassiz, Hartt, and Belt were mistaken in their conclusions concerning glacial action in torrid America, as indeed the first two observers came to think themselves. Curiously enough, their errors have been turned to account both by those whose theories need the support that the glaciation of Brazil would yield, and by those who wish to throw discredit on the whole subject of glacial geology.

The *Geographical Journal* for January is largely taken up with Dr. John Murray's interesting and stimulating plea for the renewal of Antarctic exploration. He gives in a very condensed form nearly all that is known in regard to this region, together with sketches of the principal voyages to it. To his mind there seems to be abundant evidence of the existence around the South Pole of a "vast extent of true continental land, the area of which is greater than that of Australia, or nearly 4,000,000 square miles." While the waters of the surrounding ocean teem with a great profusion of life, both animal and vegetable, "no land animal, and no trace of vegetation—not even a lichen or a piece of seaweed—has been found on land within the Antarctic circle." He advocates, in the interests of pure science wholly, a naval expedition of two small ships, fitted out for a three years' cruise, and carrying two parties of about ten men each for land exploration. The paper is illustrated, and is also accompanied by a series of maps showing the supposed contour of the continent and the routes of the principal explorers, the oceanic deposits, ice limits, currents, winds, temperature, rain-fall, and magnetic phenomena. The president of the society, Mr. C. R. Markham, announced that the council had appointed a committee for the purpose of reporting on the best means of achieving the objects of Antarctic exploration. Mr. Ravenstein contributes a short account, with a map, of the Anglo-German treaty of November 15, 1893, respecting the boundary of their West African possessions. There is also a notice of the discovery, in a volume of miscellaneous papers belonging to the Biblioteca Strozziana, in the National Library of Florence, of a map by Columbus relating to his fourth voyage, "and absolutely the only map which dates back to the great discoverer himself."

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The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for January opens with an interesting account by Miss Annie R. Taylor of her recent adventurous journey in Tibet. Being able to speak the language of Lhassa, and wearing the Tibetan dress, she got within three days' journey of the sacred city. Here, being betrayed by a faithless Chinese servant, she was compelled to return to China, which she reached safely, though enduring great hardships, after an absence of about seven months. She praises the Tibetans for their "chivalry and kindness," and says that they are "hospitable, friendly, trustworthy, and by no means averse to intercourse with Europeans." Their exclusiveness is wholly due to the Chinese, who jealously guard the frontiers for their own trade interests. This paper is followed by a description of the Hawaiian Islands by Adolf Marcuse, the most interesting part of which is the account of a visit to the crater of Kilauea. He was accompanied by several natives, who, when night fell, threw into the crater offerings of sacred berries and live fowls, at the same time singing a monotonous chant to Pele, the fire-goddess. Mr. H. M. Stanley pays a warm tribute of affection to the late Mr. A. L. Bruce, the son-in-law of Dr. Livingstone and promoter of the British East-Africa, the African-Lakes, and the British South-Africa Chartered Companies, as well as the principal founder of the Scottish Geographical Society.

A map of interest to geographers may be seen in the atelier of M. Fr. Schrader, director of cartographic works for the firm of Hachette & Cie., the well-known geographical publishers of Paris. The map embraces the entire world on a scale of 1-2,000,000, corresponding to a globe measuring twenty metres in circumference, and hence on half the scale adopted for the map of the world by the International Geographical Conference at Berne in 1891, on recommendation of Prof. Penck. On this map M. Schrader and his aids enter every report of cartographical progress, wherever made, and on whatever scale; thus keeping a full record of the accumulation of geographical knowledge, and making it possible to prepare new maps on the basis of the fullest information. We commend the plan to American publishers of maps and geographies.

Japan's increase in population, as well as in wealth, is noticeable. The census completed December 31, 1892, shows that there were 7,817,570 houses and 41,089,940 subjects of the Mikado, of whom 31,290 were known to be abroad. "Nature's argument against polygamy" is illustrated by the practical equality of the sexes, there being 20,752,366 males and 20,337,574 females. In the three classes of nobles, gentry, and commoners, respectively, were 3,853, 2,014,306, and 39,071,781 persons. Besides 1,122 prisoners, unregistered as citizens, there were 4,462 foundlings not yet adopted. The increase over 1892 was of 11,201 houses and 371,263 persons. Of 617,234 boys and 589,800 girls born last year, 105,554 were still-born. There were 348,489 marriages and 113,498 divorces. In the empire were 7,575 persons over 90, and 140 persons over 100 years of age.

On Presentation Day (1893) at the University of London, of the twenty-one persons on whom the degree of M.A. was conferred six were women; out of fifty M.B.'s six were women, and of eighty who secured the degree of B.Sc. twelve were women. Three women also took an M.D. Detailed investigation of these examination lists shows that, in the Faculties of Art, Science, and Laws, women (who formed about 20 per cent. of the graduates) were first in six (50 per cent.) subjects, men being also first in six. The women came out ahead in mental and moral science, botany, physiology, French, German, and English, while the men retained first rank in classics, mathematics, chemistry, experimental physics, physical geography, and common law and equity. In the pass list for the examination in the theory and history of teaching, there were nine women and no men, which points, we hope, rather to the increasing demand for trained women teachers than to the mental inferiority of the male sex.

It is nearly a generation since the French Academy of Sciences, on the report of a commission of men, awarded one of its highest prizes to Miss Kovalevski for her valuable contributions to the science of astronomy—investigations relating to the theory of the movements of solid bodies around a centre. A similar although somewhat more definite honor has recently been conferred on an American student, Miss Dorothy Klumpke, who has received from the Sorbonne the degree of Doctor in Mathematical Sciences. The thesis which secured this degree was modestly called "A Contribution to the Study of the Rings of Saturn," and the president of the Sorbonne, in conferring the unusual honor on Miss Klumpke, spoke of the value of this thesis, "which you have prepared according to our course in higher mathematics, with an assiduity that we could not ignore, and which is the first that a lady has presented and successfully sustained before our Faculty to obtain the degree of Doctor of Mathematical Sciences. You have worked in a deserving manner, and the Faculty has unanimously decided to declare you worthy of the grade of doctor."

The second Annual Authors' Readings, under the auspices of the Booksellers' and Stationers' Provident Association of the United States, will take place in Music Hall, Fifty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, on the evening of February 6. Among the authors who will read from their own works are Gen. Lew Wallace, George W. Cable, Richard Watson Gilder, Julia Ward Howe, Paul Du Chaillu, John Kendrick Bangs, and Col. T. W. Higginson.

—The second volume of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's scholarly edition of Jefferson's Writings (Putnams) receives tardy notice at our hands, but we can only repeat our commendation of the undertaking. All needful light continues to be thrown on the documents reproduced, and the admirable "itinerary and chronology" for the period (1776-1781) is prefixed. The more important contents are a rough draft—and a fair copy of Jefferson's proposed Constitution of Virginia; the Declaration of Independence in a first draft copied by John Adams, the reported draft (both printed and in facsimile), and the engrossed copy—in parallel columns; drafts of the bill to abolish entails, the bill to establish religious freedom, the bill for the more general diffusion of knowledge (by the establishment of common schools), etc., etc.; and the proclamation of the Virginia embargo of November 30, 1779. Light on the time rather than on Jefferson is thrown by the "bill concerning slaves," which he drew up in connection with the codification of the Virginia statutes, and which was a mere digest of existing law but for the ineffectual attempt to limit slavery; and by the bill of attainder directed against the brigand Josiah Philips, which legalized the killing of him by any one after the date fixed for his surrender to stand trial. In defence of this measure, which assumed the guilt of the accused as being notorious, Jefferson, like Patrick Henry, laid down the principle of the right of society to protect itself, in terms applicable to our latter-day anarchists. "Those who declare war against the human race," said Henry, "may be struck out of existence as soon as they are apprehended." "No one," declared Jefferson, "doubted that society had a right to erase from the roll of its members any one who rendered his own existence inconsistent with theirs." The Jeffersonian Democrats who voted for the national law against the importation of contract labor, will read with horror of their idol's desire to indulge in that privilege himself. "Music," he wrote in 1778, "is the favorite passion of my soul," and he would fain have kept "a domestic band of [professional] musicians." His means not permitting that, he cast about to see if he could not tempt with "a certainty of employment for a half dozen years" Italian gardeners, weavers, cabinet-makers, stone-cutters, and vine-dressers, who could also "perform on the French horn, clarinet or hautboy & bassoon, so that one might have a band of two French horns, two clarinets, & hautboys & a bassoon, without enlarging their [his] expenses."

—Any one taking up the new edition of Mr. Egerton Castle's 'English Book-Plates' (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan), and happening to open at the rigid *ex-libris* of Thomas Carlyle, with its boastful motto, "Humilitate," finds himself wondering how it is that a great humorist could be so deficient in humor as to have thus laid himself open to the mocker. The book-plates of many other men of letters are reproduced in Mr. Castle's glibly written volume, some in facsimile by process of one kind or another, and some from the original coppers. The literary leanings of British pictorial art are seen to advantage in designs wherein allegory and even anecdote and story-telling are in place. In the later plates, in those devised since the revival of interest in the *ex-libris*—a revival which began on the publication of Poulet-Malassis's pioneer treatise—the improvement of recent decorative art in Great Britain is very obvious. Among the worst of all the plates here given, both as respects the taste of the owner and the drawing of the artist, is the label used by Lord Wolseley. The superiority of the etching-needle in the making of book-plates is made manifest more than once in Mr. Castle's pleasant pages, as, for example, the fine portrait-book-plate of Mr. Walter Pollock, fencer and poet, and the punning design of M. Paul Avril (etched presumably by M. Abot). The new edition is superior to the old in having a bibliography, in which Mr. Laurence Hutton's papers in the *Book-Buyer* are noted, but not his revision of them in his volume in "Harper's American Essayists," and in which also the chapter in 'The Home Library' by Arthur Penn fails to find mention.

—That a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell was to be found in our own day is a fact known, presumably, to very few. Such a descendant, however, was Mrs. Avarilla Oliveria Cromwell Bush, who died last November. This lady's grandmother, the wife of Thomas Artemidorus Russell, was Elizabeth Oliveria (born in 1777), the only daughter of Oliver Cromwell (born in 1742), the last male of his family to bear its name. Elizabeth Oliveria was the great-great-great-granddaughter of the Protector. The eldest son of Mr. T. A. Russell, Cromwell Russell, had one child, the lady lately deceased, who was born July 19, 1826. As evidencing the pertinacity of popular prejudice, it is said that the Oliver Cromwell of the

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last century, who was a solicitor in chancery, experienced great disadvantage in consequence of his patronymic, and that he objected to the proposed assumption of it by his son-in-law. Since the death of Mrs. Bush, announcement has been made of that of Mrs. Elizabeth Oliveria Prescott, the sister of Artemidorus Cromwell Russell, son of Thomas Artemidorus Russell, in her ninety-second year. The Cromwell heirlooms, together with the Cheshunt Park estate, now pass to Mrs. Bush's son, the Rev. Thomas Cromwell Bush.

—By the death of Dr. Johan Fritzner, which occurred in Christiania on the 17th of December, 1893, Norway has lost one of her most eminent scholars at the great age of nearly eighty-two years. Fritzner was educated for the ministry, and from 1839 to 1877 he served as the pastor of various churches, but his name belongs not to ecclesiastical but to scientific history. A year older than Ivar Aasen, who survives him, the two have advanced *pari passu*, though entirely independent of one another, in the achievement of reputation as linguistic scholars. Aasen devoted himself wholly to the study of the Norwegian dialects still spoken in Norway, and as a result produced his comprehensive 'Dictionary of the Norwegian Dialects,' a work which has received the highest measure of praise from the philologists of all countries; while Fritzner, on the other hand, gave his attention to the Old Norse language, and undertook the collection of materials for an Old Norse dictionary, a work greatly needed. Cleasby's 'Icelandic-English Dictionary' had not yet appeared, and students of Old Norse were limited to Björn Haeldórsson's dictionary, published by Rask in 1814, to Dr. Sveinbjörn Egilsson's 'Lexikon Poeticum,' printed 1854–1860, and to various brief vocabularies. Fritzner's 'Dictionary of the Old Norse Language' appeared complete in 1867, a work of 900 pages, and was welcomed with enthusiasm by all scholars pursuing northern studies particularly, and by linguists generally. Dr. Gudbrand Vigfusson pays it a high compliment in his edition of Cleasby's 'Icelandic-English Dictionary,' and emphasizes his great indebtedness to it. When sixty-five years old, Fritzner retired from the ministry, but only for the purpose of devoting his whole time to a thorough revision of his great dictionary, which had gone out of print. Of the revised work the first part appeared in Christiania in 1883. Part 23 was published just before his death, and includes the letter "R," making 2,200 printed pages; that is to say, the new edition will be fully three times as large as the first, and it will be as much improved in quality as in quantity. Fritzner retained his mental and physical vigor until he had passed the line of eighty, and though he did not live to see the whole work in print, yet the portion from R to the end of the alphabet was all finished by the author before his death, and will be published as speedily as possible. In his earlier years Fritzner served as minister in Vadsö, in the extreme north of Norway, and he published several valuable essays on the language, mythology, and civilization of the Lapps. At the fourth centenary festival of the University of Copenhagen in 1879, he received the honorary degree of Doctor.

HART'S ESSAYS ON AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

Practical Essays on American Government. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., of Harvard University. Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS book is a solid, substantial, and most satisfactory piece of honest work. The author has selected his sheaves with excellent judgment, and threshed the grain out of them to the very best of his ability. There is no eye-service in it—no paragraph written to round out an article or help fill the pages of a magazine. Prof. Hart has worked for his readers with a will, and there is no reader so well informed on the topics of the book that he will not find it interesting, suggestive, and instructive. As to those persons who know little or nothing of the topics treated of, they will find, if they be persons of ordinary intelligence, constant surprises, which will be to them "food for thought," beginning with the discovery how much thought has been given to such subjects by other people.

These eleven essays, with one exception, it is almost needless to say, have appeared in print before—in the *Atlantic*, the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, the *Magazine of American History*, etc. The periodical literature of the time admits to print numberless writers who should never have been allowed to see themselves there, and it indirectly fences out of the book-field many an author who would have waited and labored until his seedling expanded from the annual plant of the magazines to the perennial of a book. Yet the periodicals contain many an article which should outlive their year, and it often seems as if it would be a good thing to have a *Magazine of Magazines*, into which a board of competent censors should admit articles, not less than a year old, deserving of a lasting place in literature. The system which substitutes articles for books has one good element, that it compels the author to condense: it has a corresponding fault, that it compels him not to condense too much, but to omit. In saying what he wishes to on the theme he has at heart, he cannot speak of subjects which should be considered with it. We cannot say that this last cause has been operative here, yet the result is much the same as such a cause would ordinarily bring about. Prof. Hart's forte is in facts. He collects them with unwearied patience; he arrays them in logical lines with a strong and skilful hand; he presents them to the beholder with admirable clearness, and his deductions are sound "as far as they go," or as far as his premises invite him to make deductions.

As an illustration of the former, the reader may take the masterly exposition of one of the most important—many people will say the most important—of American public questions, the exercise of the suffrage. It will astonish almost every reader that such a wealth of thought, research, and information can be compressed into the limits of such an article, and yet be interesting, clear, and indeed attractive. As an illustration of the way our author illustratively brings his carefully winnowed statistical facts within the easy comprehension of his readers, we clip the following. Could it be better shown that a crude quotation from the census would not disclose the real state of the case?

> "Only a seventh of the people of the United States are foreign-born, but of the men of voting age more than one-fourth are foreigners: and as long ago as 1875, 65 per cent. of the adult men in New York city were foreign-born. The proportion of men in middle life and above is even more startling. Of 500 men above thirty-five whom the New Yorker meets while crossing City Hall Park any day, 400 are certainly foreign-born."

While the author sweeps over the whole field of the suffrage, his practical object is to solve the question of compulsory voting, and no one who reads the article can doubt his having done so. He demonstrates the gratifying fact that the actual vote of the American people is astonishingly near the potential *whenever there is anything to vote for—i. e.*, when they believe that their votes will effect something. The real problem is how to give them something to vote for, and how to stamp out the fraudulent and corrupt elements that permeate the suffrage. Prof. Hart, as we have said, winnows his statistics, patiently and thoroughly, but there are conditions often which do not appear in statistics. When he was making his computations of those who vote and those who do not, did he bear in mind the old familiar Democratic maxim, "Vote early and often," or the modern Republican practice, "Send them in blocks of five"?

If we turn now to the article on the Speaker as Premier, we shall find that the author has set forth with the same clearness a long array of facts showing the great and still increasing power of the Speaker, who started in 1789 as a mere presiding officer, and who is "likely to become, and perhaps is already, more powerful, both for good and for evil, than the President of the United States." Here Prof. Hart draws the somewhat loose and startling deductions that the Speaker "is premier in legislation," and that "it is a wholesome reaction from a divided irresponsibility and a wasteful system of conducting the business of legislation." Whatever parallelism there may be between the Speaker of the present decade, with his self-assumed, undefined, unrestrained, and indeed unknown powers, and the British Premier, is clearly presented, but a reader of the article will have very shadowy ideas of the differences. Prof. Hart's deductions, so far as they go, are philosophically drawn from his premises of fact, but there are other and much more important deductions which should also be drawn from them, and there is a premise which does not appear in his strong array of facts. That premise is Speaker Keifer. If, in November, 1880, a man had stepped into an assemblage of 500 intelligent American citizens who were neither inhabitants of Ohio nor Grand Army men, and cried with a loud voice, "Who is Keifer? Who is J. Warren Keifer?" the chances are that the whole 500 would have answered with one voice, "We do not know; we never heard his name before!" And it is safe to say that, outside of Ohio and Grand Army circles, none of the 500 would have heard his name again during the ensuing thirteen months. And then what happened? Nothing more than this: the unknown individual, through wily combinations in the House of Representatives, commonly called log-rolling, became Speaker, with more power, "both for good and for evil, than the President of the United States." Try to imagine the English people, at a general election, choosing, in effect, a man to be their Prime Minister of whom they had never heard, and of whom they would hear absolutely nothing for thirteen months after the election! The thing is inconceivable. The British elector at the last election who cast his vote for this member of Parliament or that member of Parliament, knew just as well that he was voting for Gladstone or Salisbury as the citizen of Maine or Massachusetts knew when he put his ticket in the box for some unknown Presidential electors that he was voting for Cleveland or Harrison. The resemblances between the Premier and the Speaker are interesting and curious; but the differences between them are radical and absolute. The Premier represents the avowed principles and policy of the nation; he is the standard-bearer of the victorious ma-

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jority of the people, chosen to carry on the government by constitutional methods. The Speaker is a nobody, chosen by half of the Legislature to appoint its committees and preside over its deliberations; his interference with our methods of government is non-constitutional; he can never be a standard-bearer so long as we elect our Presidents; and his assumption of powers which do not belong to his office is at best a dangerous and demoralizing makeshift.

We pass now from the first essay in the volume to the last—a philosophical inquiry as to "Why the South was defeated in the Civil War." Those of us who were old enough to vote in 1860 will find many facts that we knew before, but also many explanations of things that we did not then understand. Those of us to whom the great war is but history and tradition will find an admirable exposition of the causes and effects which have resulted in our present Union. Appreciating fully this article, and hoping and believing that it will pass into subsequent and revised editions, we call the attention of the author to some points as to which we deem revision necessary.

"Except in the Shenandoah Valley, to a less degree in Mississippi, the Federal armies could nowhere support themselves from the country until Sherman's march to the sea in 1864."

If this were confined to the Atlantic States, it would be substantially true; but, applied as it is to all of the Confederate territory, it is certainly a great mistake. Western Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas were more richly furnished for the needs of an invading army than any invaded country of like extent that the sun ever shone upon. Gen. Grant issued an order that his troops should live upon the country, and he has expressed his astonishment at the agricultural wealth which the country contained. We have before us the instance of a single plantation which came under his eye where the Quartermaster-General allowed, among other things, 68,000 bushels of corn, 17,000 bushels of peas, 33 horses and mules, 100 barrels of pork, and 4,000 cords of wood. Corn, bacon, horses and mules, cattle and hogs abounded. In the above designation of territory we have not placed Georgia, through which Sherman's army marched happy and well fed, while his bummers revelled in abundance. Forrest, too, carried his entire command from one end of the war to the other, so says Confederate authority, without making a single requisition upon either the Quartermaster or the Commissary Department of the Confederate States.

"The percentage of Southern prisoners who died in the well-conducted Northern prison of Elmira was greater than the percentage of Northern prisoners who died in Andersonville . . . Differences of diet, of habit, of climate had tended to make out of the South a race easily incited to the fiercest of rapid effort, but which was less able to bear continuous fighting and hardship."

Professor Shaler, on the contrary, has shown most conclusively that there probably never was a body of soldiers in this world that, through four years of warfare, hardship, privation, and disappointment, showed such magnificent endurance, physical and moral, as the First Kentucky Brigade in the Confederate army. Johnston's army in its retreat before Sherman, and Lee's in the trenches at Petersburg, through the privations and discouragement of the last year of the war, most assuredly present as splendid examples of soldiers bearing continuous fighting and hardship as anything that our Northern soldiers ever displayed. Statistics, moreover, are dangerous things except where conditions are identical. Southern writers have used these same prison statistics to prove that Southern prisoners were as badly treated as the prisoners of Andersonville. Many healthy Northern soldiers, too, after passing months of wretchedness in Southern stockades, found that good food, good clothes, and comfortable habitations seemed to cause or develop dangerous illnesses.

"President Davis and General Lee agreed that the last possibility of success was in arming the negroes, and a company of black convicts from the Richmond jails was actually organized."

This, we think, understates the case. Certainly we have ourselves seen a copy of the Petersburg *Index*—probably the last issue that was published before the fall of Richmond—which gave an account of the organization of a colored company and the presentation of a stand of colors, made, if we remember aright, by the ladies of Petersburg. This part of Confederate history seems to have been ignored by Confederate writers. It would be interesting to know what was done with these black troops—whether they marched or fought or encamped with white ones. They effected nothing, it is true, but the war seems to have been prolonged until both sides should recognize the African as a soldier in what was at the beginning most assuredly a white man's war.

"Slavery was the cause of the military defeat of the South," is Prof. Hart's answer to the initial question, Why was the South defeated in the Civil War? We do not think that his premises justify his conclusion. Slavery may have been the cause in the same sense that a bad breakfast eaten by a Prime Minister may have been the cause of a war. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale has written a story to prove that the military defeat of the South was caused by a hoopskirt. But in a philosophical inquiry of this kind we are dealing with causes which are proximate and apparent, and not with those that are remote and speculative. Prof. Hart shows that for four years, with almost every white man capable of bearing arms in the army, slavery fed the Confederacy; and slavery did this abundantly and with unswerving fidelity. The trouble was not that there was lack of food, but that there was lack of railway transportation. Slavery cast no paralyzing vote; its disaffected forces did not oppose and embarrass the Confederate Government; it did not shriek "On to Richmond!" nor compel the fighting of battles for political reasons. If the slaves only once, in the long four years, had struck the Confederacy such a blow as the Union received from the Indians of Minnesota or the draft rioters of New York, it is not unlikely that that blow would have carried it down. Prof. Hart quotes approvingly a Southern speaker who said: "A single brand flung into our houses [by our slaves] would have caused our armies to be dissolved—and it was not flung." It is said that "slavery weakened every blow that was struck and every arm that struck a blow." But this is mere rhetoric. Did slavery prevent Lee's orderly marches through Maryland and Pennsylvania, or impair the awful heroism of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, of which all Americans may well be proud?

The real cause of the downfall of the Confederate military power was that both sides determined to stake all upon the hazard of a single die, and that die was Richmond. The South so determined when they resolved not to abandon the Confederate capital until driven out. The North so determined when Gen. Halleck wrote his not sufficiently famous letter overruling Gen. Grant's short-sighted project for compelling the evacuation by a flank movement from North Carolina. Grant's famous sentence about fighting it out on this line if it took all summer was only a response to Halleck's masterly exposition of the situation. Jefferson Davis said that he could carry on the war for twenty years after Richmond should be abandoned, but the good sense of the Southern people eschewed the vindictive folly. If the South could hold Richmond until the North should overwhelm itself in its extravagant expenditures, or until England and France should intervene, the South would succeed; if the North should capture the city and its heroic army, the Confederacy should fall with it. The South stood by its determination, and, when the die was cast, it gave up the fight.

Studies of Travel. I. Greece; II. Italy By Edward A. Freeman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It was well to collect these sketches, originally published in the *Saturday Review*, the *Guardian*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for they throw light not only on many little-visited places in classic lands, but also on the methods of the late Prof. Freeman as an historical writer. Whoever turns to these sketches for picturesque descriptions or for formal historical statements will be disappointed. They are rather the random memoranda of the associations called up in a very erudite mind by the sight of this or that ancient town. Often, indeed, the associations are not at all those of the average traveller. At Assisi, for instance, it is the memorials of old Roman times, and not of St. Francis, that Mr. Freeman explores. His proclivity for archæology everywhere manifests itself. His habits of giving rein to conjecture, and of illustrating antique or mediæval conditions by reference to Saxon history, his hatred of the Turk, his clear perception of the significance of the perpetual struggle between Occident and Orient, between Aryan and Semite—are all indulged very freely. In his journey through Central Italy, he proves, by many quotations, the high esteem in which he held Macaulay's "Lays."

The net result is such a discursive talk as a professor might give to a class of advanced students who were expected to know when they came to him all the facts usually furnished by text-books, his purpose being to interpret, by allusion or surmise, the general bearings of the subject. Like most travellers and historians, Freeman seems to have been little interested in the recent history of Italy; but he would go far to read a fragmentary Etruscan inscription or to examine a Roman column. In style we recognize those qualities with which his larger works have made us familiar. There is the same *ex-cathedra*, almost pedantic, tone; the same repetition of phrase; the same antithesis of thought. Freeman rarely writes simply; he seems always to be arguing. Like many preachers, he pounds the pulpit so often, and on so slight provocation, that he has no resources left for emphasizing really important points. Open his books where you will, and you will come upon a passage like this:

"The *difference* between the *abiding* greatness of Perugia and the *abiding* littleness of Cortona is no doubt largely due to the physical *difference* of their sites. Both are *hill-cities*, mountain-*cities*, if you will; but they *sit* on *hills* of quite *different* kinds. The *hill* of Perugia is better fitted for growth than the *hill* of Cortona. Cortona *sits* on a single *hill-top*. Perugia *sits*, not indeed on seven *hills*, but on a *hill* of complicated outline, which

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throws out several—possibly seven—*outlying*, mostly *lower*, *spurs*, with deep valleys between them. The Etruscan and Roman *city* took in only the central height, itself of a very irregular shape and at some points very narrow. The *lower* and *outlying spurs* were taken within the *city* in later times. Hence it is only in a small *part* of their circuit that the original *walls* remain the present external *walls;* it is only on *part* of its western side that we can at all go behind Perugia. But the *lower city* is still thoroughly a *hill-city*. The *hill* of Perugia is *lower* than the *hill* of Cortona, while the *city* of Perugia is vastly greater than the *city* of Cortona."

As the reader runs over this passage, in which we have italicized Freeman's repetitions, does he not feel as if he had before him some dry demonstration in chemistry, or some abstruse legal argument? Does he not feel that, in historical or descriptive writing, this sort of thing is unliterary, clumsy, mannered? Better, a hundred times better, Carlyle's mannerism, in which the strength is real, in which there is richness of phrase, flash of imagination, humor, and wisdom. Equally to be shunned is Freeman's *incontinent* use of the *comparative* method—his telling us, at Tiryns, for instance, not what there is at Tiryns, but wherein Tiryns differs from Mycenæ and Argos, and at Argos, what there is at Tiryns. You get, on the whole, an imperfect idea of what Napoleon was and did, if you are informed at every moment of his unlikeness to Cæsar and Cromwell. In a word, Freeman seems to us to represent a crude and ill-digested state of comparative historical writing; a state in which comparison, instead of being subsidiary, is shoved up into the first place. And yet, so great is his learning, so sound are his general interpretations of historic development, and often so helpful are his casual reflections, that these little volumes of essays, not less than his longer works, deserve to be read by scholars.

The Classic Myths in English Literature. Based chiefly on Bulfinch's 'Age of Fable.' By C. M. Gayley. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1893.

Myths of Greece and Rome: Narrated with special reference to Literature and Art. By H. A. Guerber. New York: American Book Co. 1893.

THESE two books are a natural outcome of that utilitarian zeal which has for the present curtailed the study of the classics in our country, and through which a knowledge once universal among college-bred men is becoming a mystery to many. Many a young man lightly cuts himself off from the power of understanding a "dead language," only to find out too late that he has left himself incapable of the widest understanding of his own. For, as Lowell once said, "only those languages can properly be called dead in which nothing living has been written." If the classic languages are dead, yet they speak to us in their myths, if in no other sort, on pages written every day and upon canvases painted in every land; for the classic myths are the backbone of much of our literature and the background of much of our art. To know either truly, we must be able to listen to the voices of the past; and if we cannot comprehend them in their own tongues, we must do the next best thing, listen to them as interpreted by people better instructed than are we.

To give the rising generation that knowledge of the myths which used to be had from the classics is the object of the books named above. Prof. Gayley has taken Bulfinch's 'Age of Fable' for his ground-work, and has altered it almost out of recognition. It used to be a delightful romance. It is now a school text-book, crammed with information, but no longer possible to read, only to study or consult. Having shed this tear for the dead king, we hasten to cry long life to the new. He is the man of destiny—after good Cronus, Zeus, and his learned daughter; he had to come, and we can honestly acclaim the manner of his coming. His opening speech is all about the origin and the elements of myths. Dear old Bulfinch knew little of this, nor did anybody else in those

> "days endeared to every Muse,
> When nobody had any Views."

But nowadays plenty of people know how it all really was, and the new king sets forth the various theories how myths were made, under the heads of the Theory of Deterioration, including the historical, philological, and allegorical interpretations, and the Theory of Progress, beloved of Mr. Andrew Lang and all whose god is folk-lore. Our new monarch is no despot, however, and he generously lets us select the dogma that best suits us; for, like Frederick the Great, his motto seems to be, "Hier muss ein jeder nach seiner Façon selig werden."

But it will be the part of wisdom to drop the figure of his Majesty ere he grows too heavy for us to carry. To the theories of myth-making succeed accounts of all the principal myths in Greek, Roman, Norse, and German mythology. Prof. Gayley has used the best sources (of which a long bibliography is given), and he tells the familiar stories well. Many quotations are introduced from English and American poems which illustrate the myth or some development of it, or which "suggest the spirit and mien of ancient art." But the real novelty in the book is the commentary at the end. Here, in nearly a hundred closely printed pages, are collected simple expositions of the more evident interpretations of the myths, references to additional poems and verses in which allusion is made to them, brief descriptions of works of art, ancient and modern, and genealogical tables of the principal mythical figures. The whole concludes with rules for the syllabication and pronunciation of the names, and with two capital indexes.

The book is a careful piece of work throughout, shows unsparing study and remarkable accuracy, and may be highly commended for the purpose for which it is intended. A few omissions and errors may be mentioned. Among the rules for syllabication we miss one of the most important and useful, namely, "A Latin word has as many syllables as it has vowels or diphthongs." Under Hesper, Tennyson's beautiful trochaic after Sappho should find a place. Is Japetus (used frequently for Iapetus) a nightmare recollection from the German fumbling with I and J, or does Prof. Gayley here commit himself for once to the theological interpretation, and believe that the Titan came out of Noah's ark? Apuleius should not be called the "inventor" of the romance of the Golden Ass. The ascription of the 'Bibliotheca' to the grammarian Apollodorus sets the date of the work about two hundred and fifty years too early.

We cannot praise the illustrations, of which the book contains more than a hundred from the antique in the form of woodcuts. Many of them are old cuts which have been used in a school-book issued by the same publishers. They are on the whole unattractive, and often rude in execution. The original source of most of them seems to be Roux's 'Pompei,' a work in which the imagination plays a strong part. Among the worst are those of the Amazon, of Priam before Achilles, and a very peevish-looking Venus of Milo. The satyr of Greek art had no goat's legs, and hence the picture on page 77 is wrongly entitled.

Faults in execution cannot be found with the illustrations in Mr. Guerber's book. There are about seventy, all full-page photogravures, a much more satisfactory form of picture, and, in these days of processes, scarcely more expensive than the old-fashioned cuts. Some of them, such as that of the Vatican Penelope, of Perrault's Cupid Asleep, and of Sichel's Medea, are really beautifully done. Three-quarters of them are from modern works, both in painting and in sculpture, and in all but one the choice was well made. But the picture of the Education of the Vestals looks more like a cooking-school than a solemn religious function. In the text, fewer myths are treated, but these in much more detail than in Prof. Gayley's book. Mr. Guerber writes in lighter vein; his style is that of the story-teller or popular lecturer, and hence his book reads easily and is better suited to awaken the interest of young pupils. But, in some of his attempts to be graphic, it seems to us that he runs the risk of vulgarizing the myths. We do not like to be told that Phædra proposed to Hippolytus to "elope" with her, and that when he refused she accused him of trying to "kidnap" her. Juno delivering "curtain lectures" jars on us, and "chubby, rosy child" is not the Greek conception of Eros. A good many things of this sort ought to be eliminated from another edition. The *woulds* and *shoulds*, too, need careful scrutiny. This book also is provided with a chapter on the origin of myths, with two good indexes, and contains many carefully chosen quotations from ancient and modern poetry.

Diary of Jacob Hiltzheimer of Philadelphia. New York: Jacob Cox Parsons, 270 Broadway. Pp. 270.

Travels in America 100 *Years Ago.* By Thomas Twining. Harper & Brothers. Pp. 181.

THE handsomely bound and printed diary of Jacob Hiltzheimer extends from the year 1765 to 1798, with the exception of the years 1771, 1775, 1776. It was chiefly written in Philadelphia, where the writer filled various public offices and took active part in all public and charitable movements. Though containing some records of Revolutionary days and persons, as its careful index shows, it is, like many of the diaries of the times, meagre in the details of public events of which we wish most to know. It exhibits as its chief points of interest the records of deeds and surroundings petty in themselves, and of value principally to the student of social and domestic customs and to writers of histories of the people rather than of wars and leaders of wars. As to the man himself, the diary affords ample evidence of public esteem and confidence, and of many domestic virtues. Indeed, we feel when reading the pages, as with all frank records of daily life, that we know him well.

Though Mr. Hiltzheimer was a member of the vestry of the German Reformed Church for many years, he showed no narrowness in religious views, noting with interest at one time the number of candles and surplices in a service at the Roman Catholic Church; listening to Friend Rebecca Jones at the Quaker meeting-house; hearing Methodist Pilmore preach from the grand-stand at the race-course, and giving us more than one glimpse of that picturesque fanatic and most successful humbug, Jemima Wilkinson. He says she wore

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one August Sunday "a white hat but no cap, and a white linen garment that covered her to her feet. She looks more like a man than a woman." And again he says of her: "She spoke in the New England dialect, and appeared to be about twenty-five years of age; her hair was dressed like that of a man, and she wore a black gown after the fashion of church ministers." Opportunities for amusement were more plentiful at that date in Pennsylvania than in New England. Mr. Hiltzheimer attended cider-frolics, pigeon-matches, beefsteak dinners, barbecues, bull-baitings, cock-fights, turtle-frolics, and innumerable horse-races and fox-hunts. He saw fancy skaters, electrical fishes, and exhibitions of fireworks; attended concerts and theatres. After the fashion of his day he visited all the brides and drank many a noble bowl of punch at the bride's house, and he decently and reverently attended the funerals of his dead friends.

They had in those times a very summary way of dealing with refractory servants. Shortly after having noted that "our maid Rosina was impertinent to her mistress," we find our Philadelphian taking the saucy young redemptioner before the squire, who promptly ordered her to the workhouse. After remaining a month in that confinement, Rosina boldly answered "No" when asked if she would go back to her master and behave as she ought, and was promptly remanded. She soon repented, and was released; her master paid for her board and lodging while under detention, and quickly sold her for £20 for her remaining term of service. Less piquant reading is the record of Mr. Hiltzheimer's faithful and conscientious service as street commissioner, setting milestones, naming streets, overseeing the building of sewers, which yet has its value for reference.

The account of Thomas Twining's travels is, from its narrative form, of much more readable quality. This energetic and intelligent young Englishman, only nineteen years of age (and handsome too, if we can trust his portrait), made a visit of pure curiosity to America in the interval between two terms of residence in India; and the record he left of his information-seeking travels answers the questions we ask to-day of the condition of America a century ago, when the new government was not yet of age, and forms a welcome addition to the contemporary accounts of other travellers, such as Chastellux and Dwight. Nothing escaped Mr. Twining's notice and his concise noting—the food, beds, houses, streets, private citizens, and public officials. He bore approving testimony to our buckwheat cakes and Maryland pork, showed much patience over our bad streets and inns, gave a most vivid and interesting account of interviews with many public men, notably with Washington, to whose dignity and elegance he bears full testimony. He foresaw clearly the future of our nation, and it is pleasing to know that he lived to see the greatness he prophesied, for he did not die till 1861. While frankly noting imperfections, he says most sensibly that many things could not be otherwise than imperfect in so new a country, and that "it was not for an Englishman to reprobate a state of things so lately the bequest of the British nation." In short, this clearly told little book of travels fulfils Bovee's two requisites for a book: it is "luminous and not voluminous."

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